# THE CONSTELLATION.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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## THE CONSTELLATION.

### EPITAPHS.

In our churchyards are many curious relics of early times. The dilapidated tombstones almost invariably bear some time-worn inscription, from which volumes of instruction may be gathered. Alden—the Old Mortality of America—commenced the work of collecting these inscriptions. The first of a series was published by him, but the patronage was inadequate to warrant the undertaking, and it was discontinued. This volume is now extremely rare, so much so that for many years we have not seen a single copy of it.—Our country editors would render an invaluable service, by collecting together the fragments of ancient epitaphs to be found under their own observation. Unless rescued in some such way as proposed, Time, in a few years, will have laid his "effacing fingers" upon many, if not all of them, and they will pass away and be forgotten. To us there is a melancholy pleasure in removing the moss from an ancient gravestone and decyphering its barely legible inscription. We have spent many pleasant hours in this occupation. Some of the fruits of our labor are already given to the public—a few more we now offer.

On the east side of St. Mark's church, in this city, is a stone inscribed to the memory of Peter Stuyvesant, of whom honorable mention is made in the history of New-York, by Knickerbocker. We have no means of ascertaining whether this is the stone originally placed over him—the inscription certainly appears to be genuine. It is in these words—

"Here lies the body of Petrus Stuyvesant, Late Captain General and Governor in Chief of Amsterdam in the late New Nederlandts, now called New-York, and the Dutch West India Islands. Died Aug 1678."

In New-England, the ancient epitaphs were not so succinct. It was thought indeed to be treating the dead with hardly sufficient respect, by merely stating the fact that he held any particular office, and on such a day, died. The puritans loved to dwell upon the virtues of the deceased, and to declare every of the offices and qualifications he possessed, frequently to so minute a degree as almost to excite a smile in our day. Take the following example, which we have seen in a grave-yard in Concord, Massachusetts.

"Here lies interred the remains of James Minott, Esq. A. M. An excellent grammarian, Enriched with the gift of prayer and preaching, a commanding officer, a physician of great value, a great lover of peace as well as of justice and which was his greatest glory a gentleman of distinguished virtue and goodness happy in a virtuous posterity, and living religiously, died comfortably. September 20. 1773, æt. 83."

In the old town of Newbury, in the same state, are many very ancient inscriptions. The following, written upon some deceased personage in 1711, may be still seen there:—

Pillar o' th' state was he
Bid fair still
At greater things;
To all yt. knew him well
Pattern of virtue—
Kind to all was he,
Loved by his friends,
Feared of his enemie.
Embalmed in tears
Envey itself stood dumb,
Snatcht from the world
In times most troublesome.

The reader will perceive in the above an attempt to be poetical. Indeed, the attempt, however lame, is not infreqently made—whether because grief is naturaliy disposed to vent itself in rhyme and measured language, or whether because the regular lines of poetry with its capital letters, are considered more appropriate for ornamenting a grave-stone—it is difficult for us to determine. The two following epitaphs, the first to be seen in the Trinity churchyard, and the other in St. Mark's, in this city, may, perhaps, throw some light on this question:—

"Oh Death! thou hast neer broke my heart,
Thou didst me and my husband part
I have once wished it might be
That my dear Joseph I could see."

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"Mary, thy beloved dust to James was known
The want of thee he does bemoan—
But while he grieves the loss of thee
Thy happiness he trusts to see;
And when the Lord sees fit to end my time,
With thy beloved dust I'll mingle mine." D

### THE NEW-ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

The fourth number of this periodical has been issued from the press. It fully sustains the high character, which, from the known spirit and enterprise of its editors and their extensive literary acquaintance, we were led to form of it. Each number has in fact contained numerous articles, well worthy of preservation and of a reperusal at a future day—a remark, by the way, which we highly suspect cannot be applied to many of our light magazines. In the present number, is a fine memoir of Dr. Kirkland, the late president of Harvard University. It is embellished by a striking lithograph of the worthy praeses, which, though dressed in canonicals and armed with a huge folio—one of the fathers, probably—has the same mirthful expression that almost habitually plays upon the countenance of the original, as if some witty conceit, a little sarcastic withal, was about rising to his lip. In this particular we consider the likeness remarkably faithful—no pupil of the Doctor's can observe this print without being powerfully reminded of the same expression, when himself perhaps was the object of his raillery.

As a specimen of the work, we extract from it a description of the habits of the COW-BUNTING, from the second number of a series entitled "Our Birds," which are written in the simple, winning style of Old Izaack Walton's Complete Angler, bating the latin quotations than any thing we have read this many a day. D.

"Mayhap," says the writer, "you never heard of the interloper aforesaid. The Cow-bunting is a bird that never builds a nest, but sneaks into that of another, and leaves its eggs to the care of strangers. If you should chance to espy in your walks through the woods, a black, impish looking rascal, fluttering from fence to bush, like a thieving caitiff, afraid to be seen—skulking among the thickets, and prying into nooks and corners with the air of a catchpole or a pickpocket.—knock him down, *cape saxa manu, cape robora pastor;* stop his privateering; nullify him! that is the very villain, on the look-out for a nest in which to father a spurious progeny upon some unlucky wight, more industrious and christian-like, than himself.

You have heard of the Cuckoo, and his tricks of a similar stamp to this,—the European Cuckoo, I should premise,—for the Cuckoo of America, is a bird of different habits, and builds a nest of his own. The Cow-bunting is the only American bird, known to be guilty of the practice above mentioned, and, as I have just remarked, may be seen in the woods, sharking about with a stealthy movement and villanous aspect, silent and watchful, lest the "very stones should prate of his whereabout;" and peeping and nuzzling into every odd corner for a market in which to pass off his counterfeits. Many is the decent, industrious, and pains-taking little citizen, that is plagued with the visits of this prowling customer, and there is no getting clear of him, for the villian's craft is equal to his impudence; a small bird will be driven from his nest by the intruder, a large one will be watched for the moment when his back is turned. The little Wittachee* cannot hide his cradle in too close a seclusion for the eye of the prowler; the red-eyed Fly-catcher's airy basket is looked upon as constituting specially desirable quarters; Tawny-thrush—simple fellow,—must lend a hand at bringing up the *Infant trouve;* the Cat-bird is not cunning enough to keep out of the scrape, though various devices are resorted to by some of these birds to rid themselves of the incumbrance; some will abandon their nests when the Cow-bird has laid in them; but, in general, birds will not leave eggs of their own, when a spurious one is thrust into their company. Of course, when the eggs are hatched, the brood are all equally taken care of by the dam, interloper *cum cæteris*,—though, in most cases, the Cow-bunting is the first hatched, and as he quickly outgrows the rest of the brood, and, with his ample dimensions and narrow quarters, feels a good deal of that incommodity which troubled our venerable friend and acquaintance, the old lady who lived in a spoon, he makes short work with his brother nestlings, and elbows them overboard without ceremony. Every Cow-bunting that is reared is the destruction of three or four other birds.

Subscriptions for the New-England Magazine are received by Peabody & Co. and other booksellers in this city.

### THE YOUNG LADIES' CLASS BOOK.

This work has been before us for several weeks. From a careful perusal of its contents, we should think it eminently adapted for the accomplishment of the objects for which it is designed. A book containing suitable selections in composition for young ladies' reading, has long been a great desideratum in female schools and academies. This want has heretofore been but poorly supplied by the rhetorical and oratorical readers in general use, which, having for their special object the education of boys, are filled with selections and subjects almost exclusively adapted to that purpose. Young ladies therefore have been doomed at school to the uninteresting task of reading aloud parliamentary and forensic speeches, extracts from orations and other similar productions. From such an exercise it is no wonder their delicate minds should turn with disgust, and their taste and elocution receive but little improvement.

A better state of things is fast approaching—the education of females is no longer considered a matter of secondary importance—the same books and studies which are suitable for boys, are not now esteemed the only ones essential to be placed in the hands of young ladies. It is seen, indeed, that the two classes of pupils require a course of education as distinct as are to be their future conditions in society—that the man of business must be made so by one system of instruction, beginning at the very elementary studies, and that the mother, the wife, she who is to adorn and ameliorate society by her softer influence, can be fitted properly for her duties only by another and a different system.

Mr. Bailey, the compiler of this volume, has for a number of years labored successfully in the cause of female education in Boston, and at present has under his charge one of the largest private schools of young ladies in that city. His experience as a teacher, at the same time that it affords him the best opportunity of knowing exactly the kind of book that is needed, must have qualified him for the business of compiling it. The objects which he appears to have kept in view—we judge from the work itself, and not from its preface, for it has none—an omission that struck us rather strangely at first, but with which we are better pleased the more we reflect on it—are, to improve the taste of young ladies by a choice selection of extracts—to furnish exercises in almost all descriptions of reading—to present specimens of the style of various authors—to promote correct sentiments and feelings, especially a love of country and of home—to expose errors, as all mothers must be teachers, in education—and to recommend those traits of character which peculiarly belong to women. We might indeed recommend the work as a manual for mothers, as well as children, but presuming that the author's intentions will be accomplished by its introduction into schools, we trust it will meet with the success it so richly deserves. D.

### FULTON.

Judge Story, in a discourse delivered before the Boston Mechanics' Lyceum, said—"I myself have heard the illustrious inventor relate, in an animated and affectionate manner, the history of his labours and discouragements. When, said he, I was building my first steamboat at New York, the project was viewed by the public either with indifference, or with contempt, as a visionary scheme. My friends, indeed, were civil, but they were shy. They listened with patience to my explanations, but with a settled cast of incredulity on their countenances. I felt the force of the lamentation of the poet—

'Truths would you teach, to save a sinking land,
All shun, none aid you, and few understand.'

As I had occasion to pass daily to a[illegible] from the building yard, while my boat was in [illegible]gress, I have often loitered unknown near the idle groups of strangers, gathering in little circles, and heard various inquiries as to the object of this new vehicle. The language was uniformly that of scorn or sneer or ridicule. The loud laugh often rose at my expense; the dry jest; the wise calculation of losses and expenditures; the dull but endless repetition of the Fulton Folly. Never did a single encouraging remark, a bright hope, or a warm wish, cross my path. Silence itself was but politeness, veiling its doubts, or hiding its approaches. At length the day arrived when the experiment was to be put into operation. To me it was a most trying and interesting occasion. I invited many friends to go on board to witness the first successful trip. Many of them did me the favour to attend as a matter of personal respect; but it was manifest that they did it with reluctance, fearing to be the partners of my mortification and not of my triumph. I was well aware, that in my case there were many reasons to doubt of my own success. The machinery was new and ill made; many parts of it were constructed by mechanics unaccustomed to such work; and unexpected difficulties might reasonably be presumed to present themselves from other causes. The moment arrived, in which the word was to be given for the vessel to move. My friends were in groups on deck. There was anxiety mixed with fear, among them. They were silent, and sad, and weary. I read in their looks nothing but disaster, and almost repented of my efforts. The signal was given, and the boat moved on a short distance, and then stopped and became immovable. To the silence of the preceding moment now succeeded murmurs of discontent, and agitations, and whispers and shrugs. I could hear distinctly repeated, 'I told you it would be so—it is a foolish scheme—I wish we were well out of it.' I elevated myself upon a platform, and addressed the assembly, stated that I knew not what was the matter; but if they would be quiet, and indulge me for a half hour, I would either go on, or abandon the voyage for that time. This short respite was conceded without objection. I went below, examined the machinery, and discovered that the cause was a slight mal-adjustment of some of the works. In a short period it was obviated. The boat was put in motion. She continued to move on. All were still incredulous. None seemed willing to trust the evidence of their own senses. We left the fair city of New York; we passed through the romantic and ever-varying scenery of the highlands; we descried the clustering houses of Albany; we reached its shores; and then, even then, when all seemed achieved, I was the victim of disappointment. Imagination superseded the influence of fact. It was then doubted, if it could be done again; or if done, it was doubted if it could be made of any great value."

Such was the history of the first experiment, as it fell, not in the very language which I have used, in the substance, from the lips of the inventor. He did not live indeed to enjoy the full glory of his invention. It is mournful to say that attempts were made to rob him in the first place of the merits of his invention, and next of its fruits. He fell a victim to his efforts to sustain his title to both. When already his invention had covered the waters of the Hudson, he seemed little satisfied with the results, and looked forward to far more extensive operations. My ultimate triumph, he used to say, my ultimate triumph will be on the Mississippi. I know, indeed, that even now it is deemed impossible by many, that the difficulties of its navigation can be overcome. But I am confident of success. I may not live to see it; but the Mississippi will yet be covered with steamboats; and thus an entire change be wrought in the course of the internal commerce and navigation of our country.

And it has been wrought. And the steamboat, looking to its effects upon commerce and navigation; to the combined influences of facilities of travelling and facility of trade, of rapid circulation of news, and still more rapid circulation of pleasure and products, seems destined to be numbered among the noblest benefactions of the human race.

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*Influence of Habit.* During the dreadful days of Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, every bivouac around him was marked with its circle of dead. There were promiscuously assembled men of all nations, ranks and ages—ministers, generals, commissaries. One most remarkable in the group was an old nobleman; a relic of the gay and brilliant days of the French Court. As soon as day broke, this general officer of sixty was seen sitting on the snow-covered trunk of a tree, employed with unalterable gaiety upon the details of his toilet. In the midst of the hurricane, he dressod and powdered his head with the greatest care, as if in mockery of the miseries and the adverse elements which assailed him. Near him the scientific men almost cut in pieces by the north wind, were engaged in inquiries into the causes of its direction.

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"Has that cookery-book any *pictures!*" said Miss M. C. to a bookseller. "No, madam, none," was the answer. "Why!" exclaimed the witty and beautiful young lady, "what is the use of telling us how to make a good dinner if they give us no *plates!*"

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* Sylvia Marilandica

# MISCELLANY.

## PHILIP AUGUSTUS.

We have in former numbers furnished our readers with several extracts from this interesting work; we now add the closing scene, on the return of the King to Paris after the famous battle and splendid victory of Bovines:

"Six days had elapsed after the scenes we have described in our last two chapters, and Philip Augustus had taken all measures to secure the fruits of his victory, when, at the head of a gay party of knights and attendants, no longer burdened with warlike armour, but garmented in the light and easy robes of peace, the conquering monarch spurred along the banks of the Oise, anxious to make Agnes a sharer of his joy, and to tell her, that though the crafty policy of Rome still prolonged the question of his divorce, he was now armed with power to dictate what terms he pleased, and to bring her enemies to her feet.

The six months had now more than expired during which he had consented not to see her; and that absence had given to his love all that magic light with which memory invests past happiness. The brightest delight too of hope was added to his feelings,—the hope of seeing joy reblossom on the cheek of her he loved, and the inspiration of the noblest purpose that can wing human endeavour, carried him on,—the purpose of raising, and comforting, and bestowing happiness.

It may easily be believed then that the monarch was in one of his gayest and most gladsome moods; and to De Coucy, who rode by his side, full of as high hopes and glad anticipations as himself, he ever and anon poured forth some of the bright feelings that were swelling in his bosom.

The young knight too—hurrying on towards the castle of Rolleboise, where Isadore, now his own, won by knightly deeds and honourable effort, still remained uncertain of her fate—gave way once more to the natural liveliness of his disposition; and living in an age when ceremony had not drawn her rigid barrier between the monarch and his vassal, suffered the high spirits which for many months had been, as it were, chained down by circumstances, to shine out in many a quick sally and cheerful reply.

The death of his companion in arms, the unhappy Count d'Auvergne, would indeed throw an occasional shade over De Coucy's mind. But the regrets which we in the present age experience for the loss of a friend in such a manner—and which De Coucy was formed to feel as keenly as any one—in that age met with many alleviations. He had died knightly in his harness, defending his monarch; he had fallen upon a whole pile of enemies his hand had slain; he had wrought high deeds and won immortal renown. In the eyes of De Coucy, such a death was to be envied; and thus, though when he thought of never beholding his friend again, he felt a touch of natural grief for his own sake; yet, as he remembered the manner of his fate, he felt proud that his friend had so finished his career.

It was a bright July morning, and would have been extremely hot had not an occasional cloud skimmed over the sky, and cast a cool though fleeting shadow upon the earth. One of these had just passed, and had let fall a few large drops of rain upon them in its course, the glossy stains of which on his black charger's neck Philip was watching with the sweet idleness of happiness, when De Coucy called his attention to a pigeon flying overhead.

'A carrier-pigeon, as I live! my lord!' said the knight. 'I have seen them often in Palestine. Look! there is its roll of paper!'

'Has any one a falcon?' cried the king, apparently more agitated than De Coucy expected to see on so simple an event. 'I would give a thousand besants for a falcon!'

One of the king's pages in the train carried, as was common in those days, even during long journies, a falcon on his wrist; and hearing the monarch's exclamation, he, in a moment, unhooded his bird, and slipped its jesses. Lifting its keen eyes towards the sky, the hawk spread its wings at once, and towered after the pigeon.

'Well flown, good youth!' cried the king. 'What is thy name?'—'My name is Hubert,' replied the boy, somewhat abashed,—'My name is Hubert, beau sire.'

'Hubert? What, nothing else? Henceforth, then, be Hubert de Fauconpret;' and having sportively given this name to the youth,—a name which descended distinguished to after-years,—he turned his eyes towards the falcon, and watched its progress through the sky. 'The bird will miss his stroke, I fear me,' said the king, turning towards De Coucy; and then, seeing some surprise at his anxiety painted on the young knight's countenance, he added, that pigeon is from Rolleboise. I brought the breed from Ascalon. Agnes would not have loosed it without some weighty cause!'

As he spoke, the falcon towered above the pigeon, struck it, and at a whistle brought it trembling and half-dead with fear to the page, who instantly delivered it from the clutches of its winged enemy, and gave it into the hands of the king. Philip took the scrap of paper from the poor bird's neck, caressed it for a moment, and then again threw it up into the air. At first, it seemed as if it would have fallen, from the fear which it had undergone, though the well-trained falcon had not injured it in the least. After a few whirls, however, it gained strength again, rose in a perpendicular line into the sky, took two or three circles in the air, and then darted off at once directly towards Paris.

In the mean while Philip Augustus gazed upon the paper he had thus received; and whatever were the contents, they took the colour from his cheek. Without a word he struck his horse violently with his spurs, urged him into a gallop; and followed by his train as best they might, drew not in his rein till he stood before the barbican of the castle of Rolleboise.

Pale cheeks and anxious eyes encountered his glance as he dashed over the drawbridge the moment it was lowered. 'The queen!' cried he, 'the queen! How fares the queen?' But without waiting for reply he sprang to the ground in the court—rushed past the crowd of attendants, through the hall, up the staircase, and paused not till he reached the door of that chamber which he and Agnes had inhabited during the first months of their union; and in which, from its happy memories, he knew she would be fond to dwell. There however, he stopped, the beating of his heart seeming almost to menace him with destruction if he took a step farther.

There was a murmur of voices within; and after an instant's pause he opened the door, and gliding past the tapestry stood at the end of the room.

The chamber was dim for the night was near; but at the farther extremity was the faint light of a taper contending with the pale remains of day. He could see, however, that his marriage-bed was arrayed like the couch of the dying—that there were priests standing round in silence, and women in tears, while one lovely girl, whose face he knew not, knelt by the bedside and supported on her arm the pale and ashy countenance of another, over which the gray shadow of death seemed advancing fast.

Philip started forward. Could that be Agnes,—that pale blighted thing, over whose dim and glassy eyes a strange, unlife-like film was drawn—the precursor of the shroud? Could that be Agnes—the bright—the beautiful—the beloved?

A faint exclamation, which broke from the attendants as they beheld him, reached even the heavy ear of the dying. The film was drawn back from her eyes for a moment; life blazed up once more, and concentrated all its parting light in the full, glad, ecstatic gaze which she fixed upon the countenance of him she loved. A smile of welcome and farewell hung upon her lip; and with a last effort, she stretched forth her arms towards him. With bitter tears Philip clasped her to his bosom. Agnes bent down her head upon his neck—and died!

Oh, glory! oh, victory! oh, power! Ye sounding emptinesses! Ye bubbles on the stream of time!"

## THE AXE OF THE GUILLOTINE.

"Some time in 1808, I received from a friend—a *detenu* at Verdun—the following letter:—

'My dear Sir,—I have not had the pleasure of seeing you since the period when you and my son Charles were at College together. Having heard that you have obtained permission from the Minister of War to reside in Paris, I take the liberty of troubling you with a commission, which you will oblige me in attending to as soon as possible. You have, I am told, numerous acquaintances in the *capital of the civilized world*, and, perhaps, among them, *comme on n'est pas difficile a Paris*, you may number the celebrated brothers Samson. Should this not be the case, I must inform you, that these gentlemen were, during the whole of the Revolution, and still are the '*Executeurs des hautes œuvres*,' or, in other words, the renowned Jack Ketches who took off the heads of the King and Queen of France, and guillotined nearly all the friends, and half the enemies, of the Bourbon family. Now, it is my particular wish to obtain the identical axe, knife, chopper, or whatever else it may be termed, which made some of the aforesaid immortal. I hereby authorize you to offer 1000 francs for it. Should you be fortunate enough to succeed, send it by the diligence to my address here.—C. G.'

I had some curiosity to see the being who had witnessed, and been, in one sense, a party to many of the atrocities of the Revolution. I therefore lost no time in inquiring him out. He lived in the Rue St. Martin. His apartments were on the second floor. I found two doors adjoining each other. Upon one was painted, in large letters, 'Bureau.' An office! thought I, before I entered. What can be the occupation of the clerk? does he give a summary of the last dying words? I lifted up the latch and entered. A young man of nineteen or thereabout, was sitting at a desk covered with papers, and before him lay a large register—filled, no doubt, with an awful list;—names, many of them, that will never be forgotten. Upon learning the motive of my visit, the clerk told me that Monsieur Samson was gone into the country with some friends, and would not return until late. '*C'est la fete de St. Cloud*,' continued the youth. 'I am going thither myself when the business is finished; and if Monsieur has any pressing matter to communicate, I shall be extremely happy——' 'No,' said I, 'any day will do as well. But pray, may I ask you, is there not a ball this evening in the park of St. Cloud?' '*On voit bien que Monsieur est etranger*,' was his quick reply. 'It is the most celebrated *bal champetre* in the environs of Paris. If Monsieur has not seen it he will be delighted with the scene. All the pretty women in Paris will be there; and the new dance, called '*La Tempete*,' is to be performed for the first time in public. I have been practising it; but the figure is extremely difficult, as every person who is standing up, though there were five hundred, would all be dancing at the same time—It is a combination of quadrilles, waltzes, and—' 'Does Monsieur Samson ever dance,' said I interrupting his description of the '*Tempete*.' '*Il ne danse plus a present*: he is getting old and stiff; but a few years ago he was particularly partial to dancing, and was considered an excellent *Valseur*. But he likes to see young people enjoy themselves, and we go almost every Sunday to a *guinguette*, either at *Belle Ville* or the *Champs Elysees*.' 'At what hour can I see Mr. Samson to-morrow?' 'He breakfasts at eleven, and does not attend to business till one, except on *particular occasions*: but if you have not come for any thing connected with the office, he will be happy to see you whilst he is at breakfast.' I called the next day at half-past eleven. My young friend the clerk, who, I presume, had fatigued himself the previous night with quadrilles, colonnes, and waltzes, had not yet reached the office.

By the side of the door leading to the apartments of the '*Executeur des hautes œuvres*,' was suspended a hempen string. Seldom, it is true, was any other kind, at the period I am speaking of, in use, even in the best houses, for bell ropes; but some-how this particular string appeared to me to be soiled,—it appeared thicker, stronger, more halter-like than others, and it had certainly been grasped thousands of times, by the fingers of a man who had launched thousands of persons into eternity. I pulled it, however; the door was opened by a maid-servant neatly dressed; she ushered me into a handsomely furnished apartment; soon after Monsieur Samson entered. He wore his robe de chambre, and a silk handkerchief round his head. His person was of ordinary size, and the expression of his eyes and countenance, if they had any at all was that of *bonhommie* and self-importance. At all events, he had a smile upon his countenance; and approaching me with the easy demeanour of a man of the world, he begged pardon for detaining me so long;—he had been to a ball—was much tired—slept longer than usual—begged me to be seated, and concluded by inquiring to what motive he was indebted for the honour of my visit. 'My visit,' said I, 'is of a somewhat extraordinary nature, I hope the commission will give no offence; the fact is, a friend of mine is desirous of obtaining the identical axe which'——here I paused.—'*Vraiment!*' said he, 'these were dreadful times, and will not bear reflection. I have found it necessary, for these many years, to drive such thoughts from my mind. Thank God, I have nothing to reproach myself with. I did my duty. No one can accuse me of wanton or unnecessary cruelty. I was brought up to the *profession*: my livelihood depended upon it. But, sir, I beg your pardon, this is foreign to the subject;—yet, when a stranger calls upon me—as many do, I suppose out of curiosity—I feel it necessary, in order to remove unpleasant impressions, to say a few words in vindication of my conduct. I regret that I am not able to give you the information you require. Other persons were regularly appointed to raise the scaffold, generally a carpenter or joiner in the neighbourhood; it was my duty to be present, that was all. You may, perhaps, by inquiring of one of my men, who has been with me for many years, succeed in your wishes."

The following letter to my friend contains the result of my subsequent inquiries:—'I have called upon the person who was entrusted with the order to raise the scaffold upon which the King was beheaded. I did not see the individual, but one of his workmen told me that if I applied to a vender of old iron, residing in the Rue St. Denis, I might possibly meet with the identical axe you wish to possess. I did call, and was shewn three choppers, that had formed parts of certain guillotines, but when and where they had been used no one could inform me; indeed, a person did assure me that the particular axe I wanted had been sent, with several others, to the foundry at Douay—so that at the present moment, it is doubtless a component part of some great gun. I do not doubt, however, that you may yet have exhibited to you the real axe with which Louis was beheaded—as it has been my fate, in my travels through Europe, to see three embroidered caps, worn by Charles the First on the day of his execution—four black lace veils, that covered the face of Mary of Scotland, on a similar occasion—half-a-dozen huge thumbs of St. Polycarp—and two well preserved heads of John the Baptist.'"

## THE TREE OF LIBERTY.

"The 14th of July having excited a strong sensation in the French capital, when an attempt was made to revive the *planting of the Tree of Liberty*, we have thrown together a sketch of the early history and progression into politics of this old mythological ceremony.

The idea of planting trees as emblems of liberty certainly dates from the French Revolution: the practice was not previously known to any nation. But there is nothing new under the sun; and as customs which appear to be the offsping of the most recent time, prove, on closer investigation, to be merely relics of very ancient popular usages, so the French trees of liberty seem to be descended in a direct line from the May-trees, which, from time immemorial have been planted among most of the nations of Europe as tokens of rejoicing or homage.

Into the origin of the May-trees it is not our business here to inquire. Father Carnaeli, however, in his *Storia di vari Costumi sacri e profani*, shews that the Romans planted trees or green boughs before the houses of persons to whom they wished to do honour, and that this practice has prevailed ever since in Italy. It is evidently akin to the custom of strewing palms or green branches in general before persons, as signs of rejoicing or of triumph, or on the presentation of petitions to them.

Among almost all the nations of Europe we meet with the practice of planting May-trees, with various modifications according to local circumstances. In Germany and France we find examples enow of them so far back as the thirteenth century, the parishes making the landowners stipulate in their charters to furnish trees for the purpose out of their forests. Many of the convents thundered furiously against the felling of trees in their forests for May-trees; and obvious as the reasons were, still it does frequently appear as though they had in spirit beheld the tree of liberty in the May-trees of the feudal ages.

The custom of planting May-trees was general in France at the breaking out of the revolution. With the return of the month which from the remotest antiquity has been the month of joy, this lovely emblem was planted in every town and in every village. The aristocracy at lenth found means to transform this practice into a sort of privilege; and in order to be strictly legal, it was requisite that the May-trees should be planted either before the manor-house, the residence of the magistrate, or the church; for the servants of the Christian church were not the last to arrogate this honour to themselves, and in more than one place they had the ingenuity to convert this meagre compliment into a considerable revenue. It is more especially on this account that the history of the May-tree planted annually by the guild of goldsmiths before the cathedral of Paris, is worthy of remark. At first, two of the masters, deputed by the trade, bearing the pompous title of *Princes of the May*, carried to the spot neither more nor less than a green tree, called *Mai verdoyant*. But the chapter soon perceived that the honour was very unprofitable, and that the flourishing May-tree, how large and green soever it might be, produced at last but a score perhaps of billets and faggots; it therefore soon contrived, in retaining the old name, to give the matter a more lucrative turn. It was not long before the May appeared in the form of silver plate, shrines, and even paintings. For upwards of a century, the cathedral of Paris received annually a votive picture, eleven feet high, which, in commemoration of the origin of the custom was exhibited in the first days of May, decorated with flowers, at the great porch of the church. From the porch, the picture was removed to the nave; and as the *Mays* were painted by the first artists, the church had in this manner become a real museum, which was destroyed by the revolution. But from these Mays the tree of liberty would never have sprung; let us therefore prosecute our search after its real progenitors.

A corporation whose customs, upon the whole, were extraordinary, and which even bore the royal title, till deprived of it from jealousy by Henry III., the Basoche, the school of law of these times, composed of ten thousand scriveners, planted every year, in the court of the palace of justice, a colossal May-tree which, by virtue of its privileges, it caused to be felled in the royal forests. This was in reality the king of the Mays, a majestic oak with verdant top: it was garnished with box, and decorated with festoons of flowers, garlands, and ribands of the colours of the Basoche, blue and yellow, and shields with the arms of the corporation, three inkstands in a field sable. This tree was left standing the whole year, till it gave place to its successor.

The Basoche, the history of which is not destitute of traits of genuine patriotism, did not with the last May which it planted originate the first tree of liberty. The idea, however, is not due by any means to this corporation of scriveners; a priest was the author of it, and one of the most insignificant communes in France gave the signal for its adoption—so the late Abbe Gregoire relates, in his little work *On the Tree of Liberty*, which appeared in the year 2 of the republic. This book has become extremely rare;—Buonaparte, who utterly disliked the ardent republican, is said to have caused all the copies of it that could be met with to be destroyed; so that the few which escaped the persecution now sell at auctions for nearly their weight in gold. According to Gregoire then, it was Norbert Pressac, *cure* of St. Gaudens, near Civray, in the department of the Vienne, who first conceived the notion of planting the ancient aristocratic Mays in honour of liberty. In May 1790, on the day that the new municipality was installed, he caused a handsome young oak to be dug up in the wood, and the inhabitants of both sexes planted it on the village green; after which, the cure delivered an address in praise of the revolution and of liberty. 'In the shade of this tree,' said he, 'ye shall bear in mind that ye are Frenchmen; and in your old age ye shall tell your children about the ever-memorable period in which ye planted it.' He then exhorted all the peasants who were engaged in law-suits to submit the matters in dispute to arbitration: they all complied, the arbitrators decided, and songs and rejoicing concluded the *fete*. No sooner was this patriotic proceeding made public by the newspapers, than it was imitated in a hundred places, and before long the idea of an individual was adopted as a national custom, and became in the end even a law of the state.—Louis XVI. with his own hand planted a tree of liberty, with great solemnity, in the garden of the Tuileries; but the poor tree was subsequently doomed to suffer for its illustrious origin: the Convention permitted the young orphans of the defenders of the country to destroy it, and to plant another in its stead.

In the early years of the revolution, the immediate derivation of the tree of liberty from the ancient Mays must have been universally acknowledged, for the month of May was almost every where chosen for setting up the first. It was in May 1792 that the enthusiasm of the nation for the new practice was especially manifested. All the communes vied with each other in planting stately trees. Just at this time the French territory was menaced by foreigners with invasion, and the communes swore before this emblem of their emancipation, as the soldier does before the colours, to defend the sacred soil of their country. The number of the trees of liberty at that time is computed at sixty thousand; for the smallest hamlet had its own, and in the towns in the south of France they were seen in almost every street, and even before most houses. Nor was it merely in towns and villages that trees of liberty were set up; they were planted also on the frontiers of the republic, and on the most elevated points of each department. Thus, French and Genevese agreed to set up, with due ceremony, an *arbre de la fraternité* at the boundary between the two countries; and about the same time a number of popular associations met to plant a tree of liberty on the summit of the [illegible], one of the highest mountains in the department of the Drome.

At first the trees of liberty seem to have consisted of nothing more than the trunks with their heads. As every commune made a point of selecting for this purpose the loftiest tree that could be found, the roots were of course useless; trees of such age could not be transplanted; and as they were set up just at the time of coming into leaf, whether they were planted with the root or not, they soon died; and the withered foliage conveyed to the mind of the spectator any thing but the idea of vigour and everlasting duration—of which the tree was intended to be an emblem. This inconsistency did not escape the National Convention: and therefore, by a decree of the 4th Pluviose, year 2 of the Republic, it ordered living trees to be planted in the place of the dead ones:—"In all the communes where the tree of liberty is dead, there shall be a new one planted before the 1st Germinal. The Convention expects that the good citizens will attend to the planting and preservation of the same, that in every commune the tree of liberty may grow and flourish under the ægis of the liberty of the French people." In this decree no particular species of tree is recommended; but the choice seems to have been left to the communes. Gregoire discusses this point in a separate chapter of his book, and pronounces in favour of the oak. The traditions respecting the veneration paid to it by our remote ancestors, (says he) its majestic growth, its multifarious uses, and its diffusion over all France, entitle it to the distinction of the national tree. He also adduces in its favour its almost everlasting duration; but as, for that very reason, the growth of the oak is extremely slow, the honour of being the national tree was in most cases denied it. Indeed it would have been expecting too much of republican impatience to desire that it should wait a century for the shade of the planted oak. Gregoire proposed, it is true, to plant beside the oak a tree of rapid growth, which might be removed when the oak had attained a sufficient size—but this idea was by no means generally adopted. On the other hand, according to climate and circumstances, oaks, elms, chesnut-trees, plane-trees, poplars, mulberry-trees, firs, and pines, were taken indiscriminately for trees of liberty. In very many places a preference was given to the poplar—which it certainly deserved—because it grows so rapidly, and forming a verdant obelisk, as it were, is so well adapted to the adornment of public places. A poplar was the tree of liberty of the city of Rouen, the top of which, in 1810, rivalled in height the loftiest steeples in the city. There is still to be seen in the middle of the street of the Faubourg St. Antoine at Paris, forgotten by most of the inhabitants, a tree of liberty, planted in the first days of the revolution, an elm, which is the more picturesque and the more striking from standing quite alone. This tree, a memorial of the days of the federation, having been spared by the political tempests, has become large and flourishing; while all things around it—dynasties and institutions, as well as men—have grown old and given place to others, it alone has continued to increase in vigour and beauty—an image of everlasting youth; and ere long, and before it has attained its complete maturity, it will have survived all those who saw it planted. By far the greater part of the population of Paris, it is true, know nothing of the tree in the Faubourg, or at least are ignorant of its history: instead of an inscription recording its origin, a dirty sign-board is perhaps attached to its trunk; but still its import is not wholly forgotten; and in the first days after the late revolution it was decorated with a tri-coloured flag.

This example shows that all the trees of liberty have not disappeared with the form of government under which they were raised; most of them, indeed, survived that era for a longer or shorter period; nay, in many a sequestered nook, in which the influence of the subsequent reactions has been scarcely perceptible, the tree of liberty may have been forgotten, and for that very reason it may still flourish. On the pediment of a village church a few miles from Paris, the famous phrase, *Temple de la Raison*, is still distinctly legible."

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## A SAILOR AMONG THE TURKS.

"We had landed our powder and our passengers at Constantinople, and put the ship into harbour-fashion, when we were visited by several Turks,—some of rank, but mostly idlers, whose curiosity was only excited by the hope of killing some portion of time. They voted us unceremoniously ungenteel when we informed them 'that smoking was not allowed on the quarter-deck;' and as fast as a Turk seated, or rather squatted himself on a carronade slide, so fast did I desire a quarter-master to warn him from the prohibited ground. As I increased in merriment, the Turks became more infuriated from being badgered by a boy: at last one more solemn than the rest asked another midshipman if he would sell me. 'By all manner of means,' replied my vender; 'but how much will you give for him, for he is a good-looking youngster?' 'Thirty dollars!' said the Turk. The proposition was tempting, but the price was raised to forty: the Turk instantly agreed to the purchase, and called one of his turbaned tribe to secure me, I being his property; in the meantime he proceeded to count out his money on the capstan. I now began to fancy this no joke, and making a dart at the rigging began to scud up like a monkey. My purchaser at first began to handle his pistols, but my vender soon stopped that proceeding. The companion of the Turk began to ascend the rigging in pursuit of me to the infinite merriment of the crew, who were bursting with laughter at my fright and the Turk's eagerness. The officers were at dinner, and we had the ship to ourselves. I had heard strange stories of these Turks, and felt by no means inclined to venture myself in their clutches; the consequence was that I became excessively nervous, and did not mount the rigging with half my usual agility. I still, however, kept a long way a-head of my pursuer, and when he arrived at the main-top, I was comfortably seated on the cross-trees. Like a great fool that I was, I began to mount higher, instead of descending on one side as he mounted on the other; and the Turk, seeing my error in judgment, hastened to avail himself of the opportunity and followed me to the cross-trees. I began now to think I was captured, when the captain of the main-top and some of his gang seized hold of the Turk and lashed him to the top-mast rigging. This profanation of person was violently resisted by the Turk, who kicked and spluttered in all directions; but he was in the hands of sailors, and they left him to his meditations and his prayers, bound hand and foot to the rigging. I now descended, and passed the enemy, grinning like a young monkey at the trick, while he foamed in all the fury of Mahometan rage. As his companion on deck had begun to be clamorous for his property—'myself,' he and his dollars were popped into a boat and sent on shore, and our prisoner was the only Turk left on board. He behaved himself with all the sullen gravity of his sect until the sun began to near the horizon, and then he began a prayer to Allah in the most orthodox style; but, finding that was useless, he roared out with most Stentorian lungs to be released; the Turks in the boats alongside, and round the ship, joined in the shout, and the whole harbour was in an uproar. This brought the first lieutenant on deck, who instantly ordered the Turk to be released, and down he came foaming with rage and his mustachios bristling like a tiger's whiskers. On arriving upon deck he looked round with the utmost disdain, spit upon the deck as a mark of contempt, which was against all order and discipline, and, making a slight prayer to Allah, he jumped overboard and swam on shore. He there undressed himself and washed his clothes, whilst his comrades joined in loud acclamations to Allah, and then chattered away like so many monkeys. This was a bad beginning, and very nearly cost me my life and liberty, as will be seen hereafter.

The next of our boyish tricks was practised on an Armenian Jew who had cheated us with bad attar of roses, worse musk, and camel-hair shawls. The first of these articles was miserable stuff, and left a stain on paper of an oily description which the real attar ought never to do; the camel-hair shawls were made, I believe, from the Astracan goat, for which he made us pay a most extraordinary price. Having however discovered the fraud, we took the liberty of shaving his beard—a most signal disgrace, and then seizing him up to a gun touched him up with a cat-o'-nine-tails. We concluded that day's entertainment by making him drunk and tarring his face.

Lord Byron had formed a party to visit the French minister at Bouyouk-dere, a village situated on the Bosphorus, and not far from the commencement of the Black Sea; we rode and spent a very agreeable day at the country resort of the different ministers. Lord Byron, myself, and some others entered a boat, and pulled into the Black Sea—merely to say we had been there; on our return Mr. Dale, one of the lieutenants of the Salsette, became suddenly indisposed, and our janissary and guide Musta h, who had been in England and spoke our language, was left to convey him to Pera by easy paces. As the night had advanced, the rest of our party began to gallop home. There was a difference of opinion as to the road, and the party divided; Lord Byron, the purser of the Salsette, and myself kept one road, whilst the others advanced to a fire round which some Turks were seated. We soon lost our way, and became more and more confused as to our route. The night crept on, and it was about eleven o'clock when we called a halt to take counsel. It was a still but dark evening; on our right was a hedge which seemed to enclose some cypress-trees, and on the left was an open field. We had scarcely begun to talk, and that in a very low tone of voice, when we heard a whistle close to us; it was answered more in advance of us, and Byron began to think we were in a net: he whispered us to be quiet and to follow him. He whistled exactly the same notes as we had first heard, and, suddenly turning his horse to the right, scrambled through the hedge, and found himself in a burying-ground. I never was much of a horseman, but that night I flatter myself I faced the hedge like a huntsman: all my misdeeds in lashing the Turk aloft came before me, and I concluded that no punishment could be adequate to the crime of Christians violating the sanctuary of the dead, and galloping over the last reposing spot of the faithful. Over grave and turbaned stone we rode with alarming velocity, I keeping as near as possible to his Lordship. We heard a noise behind, before, and around us, but recovered breath, and hope, in emerging from the cypresses and finding ourselves close to Pera. The other party arrived about an hour afterwards, and had tumbled into a [illegible] also. To Lord Byron's excessive coolness we were indebted for our escape, for gentlemen do not assemble on dark nights in damp ditches merely to whistle like nightingales to one another; neither do travellers jump over hedges and stumble over tomb-stones without being properly convinced that some danger is to be apprehended."—*Life of a Sailor.*

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## THE FORTUNATE GENERAL.

*Life of Sir Frizzle Pumpkin—concluded.*

But to proceed. The state of my health necessitated my return to England. I gave up my command, I may safely say, with far more pleasure than I had assumed it, and set out with great satisfaction on my homeward way. It was now the beginning of winter. The wind blew most tempestuously when I arrived upon the coast. This circumstance, added to the weakening effects of my wound, reduced me to a lower point of pusillanimity than I ever remember to have reached. In fact, I was totally unmanned, and thought my only plan to avoid observation, in going from the little boat on board the transport, was to affect an utter insensibility, from the painfulness of my arm. I lay at the bottom of the boat, totally absorbed in the contemplation of my danger, and, luckily without any very manifest display of my cowardice, I got hoisted up on the deck of the transport; and although even she was tossed with fearful violence, I considered myself to be now in a place of comparative safety. I found myself unable to withstand the atmosphere below; so with cloaks and other appliances, I made a sort of couch upon the deck, and lay down upon it, overcome partly by my state of health, and partly by my fears. Opposite to me was laid another sufferer, though I was at first so occupied with my own wants, that I had no great time or inclination to scrutinize his features attentively; but even in the cursory glance I gave him, there was something in his appearance which reminded me of some one I had seen before. But he seemed so wasted by disease, that even if I had been intimately acquainted, I knew I should have found it difficult to recognise him. For the first two days I thought he was quite deserted, but on the morning of the third, a beautiful little boy, about six or seven years of age, came up from below, where he had been detained by sickness, and watched his couch with the most tender affection. The weather had now in some degree moderated, though the swell, to one unaccustomed to the sea, was still very unpleasant. I got up and moved about a little, and entered into conversation with the little boy who had attracted my observation. His father I did not disturb, as he looked so languid I was afraid he might be harassed and incommoded if I addressed him. I set on the taffril and spoke to the little boy, who with all the wildness and fearlessness of youth, rejoiced in rambling and climbing all over the ship.—My rank made no impression on him. He sat upon my knee, and admired my dress with the most confiding innocence; and I was delighted to encourage his familiarity. One morning, as I leant over the side in a violent qualm of sea-sickness, the little boy was amusing himself by climbing up one of the ropes which hung directly above where I stood. I cautioned him two or three times of the danger of his sport, but he still persisted in going, by his hands alone, as high up the rope as he could. I heard a slight scream, and the next moment I was overwhelmed with a great weight, and was instantly overbalanced and driven into the sea. I have no recollection of any thing more, except a strange thundering sound in my ears, and the flashing of red lights in my eyes. A boat was instantaneously put down, and I was picked up quite insensible; the boy also, who had caused the catastrophe by losing his hold and falling on my head, was saved from his perilous situation, and we were conveyed on board after our safety had been despaired of. When I came perfectly to myself, I found the invalid had been carried across the ship to the side of my couch, and there he lay with the intent eyes of earnest affection watching for my recovery. His boy was lying sound asleep in his arms. He said, when I opened my eyes—'This is the second time, General, I have been indebted to you more than I shall ever be able to repay—first,—for I see you do not in these wasted features recognise a friend of your youth,—when you saved me in the bathing-ground at ——, when you were a simple ensign, and I, what I am now—a poor lieutenant.'

'Jack Wharton!' I said, in astonishment.

'The same—No one has rejoiced more in your rapid and brilliant progress than I have, though my own, I grieve to say has been very different. But now this second time you have saved my boy, my poor little Frederick, and Jack Wharton can only thank you with his tears.'

And poor William wept like a child. I said nothing to all this, for I knew even if I told him the truth, my precipitation into the water was by no means voluntary, he would not have given credit to the statement; so I was forced passively to submit to the admiration of the whole crew for the heroism of the achievement, when the fact was that the child himself had knocked me over the side and nearly been the cause of my death. My friend's had been the usual fate of military men—he had stood all the dangers of several campaigns, and had risen no higher than lieutenant; I am happy, however, to say I had it in my power to be of essential service to him afterwards, and to-morrow, I believe, I shall have the honor of introducing you to Colonel Wharton. I now conclude the story of my professional progress by informing you that a short period after my arrival, I was advanced to the highest step in the army save one, and that my sovereign was graciously pleased to confer on me the honor of a baronetcy, and the knighthood of the Bath, and that the Parliament voted me money to purchase an estate, and settled two thousand a-year on my lineal representative for three generations.

This, sir, from the story you have heard, will afford you ground for moralizing. Here am I, a man of no strength of mind, a man of no personal courage, celebrated from one end of the kingdom to the other, for the possession in a peculiar degree, of both these qualities. I have risen to the summit of a soldier's ambition, and to the eye of philosophy I present as interesting a subject of contemplation as would be the elevation to the seals of a lawyer ignorant beyond measure of the law, or the translation to such a see as Winchester, of a clergyman unendowed with either learning, or piety, or talents. That such an event never occurred in any profession but my own, I would fain hope; but I trust that, while I thus unburden myself of a secret which has preyed on my conscience for many years, you will allow that, poor and contemptible as my conduct has in reality been, I have never added to my baseness by arrogance and pride. You now, I feel convinced, look on me with loathing and abhorrence; but, believe me, that whatever *your* feelings may be, mine are a thousand times more humiliating, a thousand times more bitter!

Here the General paused, and laid his head upon his hand—for my own part I did not know what to do. I did not at first believe a single word of what he said about his want of courage; but as he proceeded in his story, I began to think he could scarcely mean all that long rigmarole for a hoax, and accordingly I felt it impossible to offer him the slightest consolation. Whilst I was hesitating what to say, for the unfortunate General was now sobbing convulsively in the bitterness of his self-upbraiding, we were startled by the most horrific shrieks I ever heard, and above the clamor which immediately arose, we heard the cries of 'Fire! fire!' and then the wildest ejaculations of 'Help! help! save us! save us!' I darted with the speed of lightning to the door, but the whole passage was filled with smoke; I, however, as the only chance of escape, (after telling the General, who sat still, lost apparently in grief, that no time was to be lost,) sprang down the already blazing staircase, and providentially arrived safe. The heat and agitation, however, had been too much for me, and I sank in a swoon upon the grass the moment I reached the lawn. When I recovered my senses, the fire had made the most alarming progress. It burst in vivid wreaths out of almost all the windows, and the smoke, thickly eddying round the whole building, hid all the portions of it which were not actually in a blaze. The servants, and many country people from a neighboring village, gazed at the progress of the devouring element in helpless consternation and dismay. Many of them were in tears, and I heard them uttering the most heart-rending lamentations over the inevitable fate of their mistress. She had retired to her couch at an early hour, and the flames now totally enveloped the suite of apartments which she had occupied. I made several attempts to dash through the flames, and save the unfortunate lady—and also had no doubt the General would be overcome by his terrors, and be incapacitated for escape. In the midst of these vain and impotent endeavors, we saw some dark object moving along the corridor. It proceeded quietly and sedately, whatever it was; and the superstitious peasantry began to give all up for lost, when they saw what they considered the demon of fire himself so deliberately taking his path amidst the flames. I, however, caught a single glimpse, which satisfied me it was the General; and I now in truth believed that his fears had turned his brain, and that he threw himself in his delirium upon certain death. We traced him, however, as he passed each window, and at last saw him dive suddenly into the hottest of the fire, and, to our amazement, emerge into the ante-room of her ladyship's bed-chamber. We could even above the roaring of the flames, hear a scream of delight; and in another instant, again we traced the figure pursuing its fiery way with a burden in its arms, and a shout of hope and exultation among the spectators could no longer be restrained. The walls themselves began to crack and totter in many places, and several of the floors had already given way, yet, apparently undismayed, the figure flitted across each successive window of the corridor, and by some means or other came down the blazing staircase uninjured. I saw, to my delight and amazement, it was indeed the General, with the still beautiful and fascinating Lady Annabella closely clinging to his neck. I rushed to him in a moment, and offered him my assistance, but he was apparently as calm and collected as he had appeared that very day at the head of his own table. Her ladyship, too, recovered herself very soon, and related her escape, with the fondest acknowledgments of her husband's matchless intrepidity. To all that she said he made no answer whatever; he seemed, indeed, scarcely to listen to what she was saying; but after she had been given over to the care of her maids, he took me aside, and told me, that in a state of the greatest agitation he walked along the corridor, in hopes of finding his way down the back stairs which communicated with the garden. He found the door locked, and entered Lady Annabella's room, with the intention of leaping out of her window; but she sprang upon him, and seized him round the neck—and then his apprehension rose to such a pitch that he lost all command of himself, and how he found his way into the open air he was altogether unable to guess. After giving me this account, he slipt quietly away from the bustle, and left me musing on what a confoundedly useful sort of cowardice it was, which enabled the man always to be terrified at the right time; and the sum of my musing was this, that it will be a pretty considerable particular long time before all my courage, and dashing and intrepidity, will raise me to be a General of Division, and with a splendid fortune—a countess—and two thousand a-year settled on my lineal representative for three generations. So much better is it, as Solomon or some other person has said in his proverbs, to be born with a silver spoon in one's mouth than a wooden ladle."

# THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE.

NEW-YORK, OCTOBER 15, 1831.

## THE SATURDAY PREACHER.

### SERMON XVI.

### ON THE MISERIES OF BEING A WITCH.

"Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live."

For my own part I never could see why witches should wish to live. They seem absolutely to have nothing to live for; they have no present earthly enjoyment, and no prospect of bettering their condition. Should a witch live a thousand years, her condition would never improve; she would continue the same ugly, meagre, withered wretch—like Sycorax in the Tempest,

"——bent double"—

the terror of women and children, and the scorn and outcast of the community at large—a being whom every body has a right to insult, to persecute, to deny food and raiment, to exclude from shelter, and to pelt with stones.

Why, under such circumstances, a witch should ever have had the least desire to live, is among the many unaccountable things of this unaccountable world; and it seems to me, that if Moses had designed to inflict the severest penalty, he would have said—"Thou shalt not suffer a witch to *die*."

There is usually some strong motive for the conduct of such as depart widely from the path of propriety and rectitude. The robber plunders for gain, the profligate launches abroad for pleasure, the assassin draws the dagger for revenge. But alas for the poor old witch! what adequate motive can she have for choosing to be the dread of mankind, the loathed and abhorred of her species? It neither gives her food nor clothing, fireside nor shelter. She seems never to use her extraordinary powers for her own benefit. She is mischievous to others without being kind to herself.

There is not a greater bundle of inconsistencies to be found than your real old-fashioned witch. Though she can whisk through a key-hole, she never takes money from the strong box, or robs the vaults of a bank. Though she can fly in the air on a broomstick, and turn whatever she pleases into a horse by means of a witch-bridle, she is ever seen wearily picking her way on foot, with no better support to her wretched limbs than a staff or a crutch. Though she is able to command the assistance of sprites, demons, and the powers of the air, they do not avail her in the midst of difficulties, do not stand by her in the last struggle for life; they afford her no aid in the dreadful ordeal—they help her not in the dangers of fire and water. Her supernatural powers are of no use when she needs them most. Like a perfectly helpless being, she is tied to the stake, or led to the scaffold; and like any other human being, suffers and dies.

Were we to search the whole creation, whether of fancy or reality, we could not find a character of such marvellous contradictions—having the ability to turn into a fly and whisk through a key-hole, and yet continuing in prison, to become the victim of the gallows or the stake—having the power of wealth in her hand, and yet continuing poor and wretched—possessed of the power of ubiquity, but still confined to a miserable hut and a persecuting neighbourhood—able to assume youth and beauty whenever she pleases, and yet ever remaining old, crooked, and deformed; in a word, having the power of changing at will both her own person and every thing about her, and yet neither converting the pebbles in the street into gold, her own rags into costly robes, her couch of straw into a bed of down, her staff into a coach and six, nor her own age, sourness and deformity, into youth, smiles and beauty!

The prevalence of witchcraft seems to depend entirely on the belief in witches; and to be greater or less, just in proportion to the strength or the weakness of that belief. In ages of ignorance and superstition there have been many witches, because there was much credulity. In the present enlightened age there is scarcely a witch to be seen, because very few people believe in them. But restore the pristine faith in witches, and every neighbourhood would be thronged with them; whole cavalcades would ride through the air on broomsticks; and women and children and other domestic animals would be assailed with the same vexations and torments that used to afflict them in former centuries. There is at least one advantage in the scepticism of the present age—the degree of freedom we enjoy from the evils of witchcraft.

"Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live"—so wrote a lawgiver whose legislation has been considered binding not only upon Jews, but upon Christians. This sentence has no doubt in numberless instances created the crime it was ordained to punish—or at least created the belief in that crime, the effect of which—at least to the accused, if not to the community—has been as disastrous as could be that of the crime itself. The enactment was taken as a proof of the crime, which being once admitted, there was no want of subjects for punishment. A crime, depending on imagination, could as easily be established by one kind of evidence as another; and the points that constituted the offence not being settled by any fixed rules, convictions were almost sure to take place whenever the accusation was made.

## PHILIP AUGUSTUS.

This novel is full of historical reminiscences of deep interest. Philip Augustus was one of the most renowned monarchs of France; and partook largely of that chivalrous spirit, which so much distinguished his cotemporary, and companion in the holy wars, Richard Cœur De Lion. But the monarch of the lion heart was now no more; and John Lackland, the weak and wicked usuper had seized upon the crown of England. The interest of the present work is made to depend much on the wars between Philip and John, the latter of whom had imbrued his hands in the blood of Arthur Plantagenet, his nephew and and the rightful heir to the English throne. But there is perhaps a more tender and thrilling interest, connected with the domestic affairs of the French monarch, who had been separated from a wife, whom he devoutly loved, by the usurping interdict of the Roman Pontiff. By this stretch of power, the whole realm of France was laid under the ban of the church, which the superstition of the age considered as sacred as the fiat of Heaven itself. The following is an account of the

EXCOMMUNICATION. "The legate advanced, and in a voice that trembled even at the sentence it pronounced, placed the whole realm of France in interdict,—bidding the doors of the churches to be closed; the images of the saints, and the whole cross itself, to be veiled; the worship of the almighty to be suspended; marriage to the young, the Eucharist to the old and dying, and sepulture to the dead to be refused; all the rights and the consolations of religion to be denied to every one; and France to be as a dead land till such time as Philip the king should separate himself from Agnes!"

The following is the curse bestowed on Philip himself—and a "cursed" thing it is:—"May he be cursed in the city, and in the field, and in the highway! in living and in dying! cursed be his children, and his flocks, and his *domaines*! Let no man call him brother, or give him the kiss of peace! Let no priest pray for him or admit him to God's altar! Let all men flee from him living, and hope abandon his death bed! Let his corpse remain unburied, and his bones whiten in the wind! Cursed be he on earth, and under the earth! in this life and to all eternity!"

Among those who figure most in the work, are Guy de Coucy—and the Count d'Auvergne, the former of whom may perhaps be considered the hero of the story. But the most strikingly original character is *Gallon the Fool*. Heroes and demigods, angels and demigoddesses, may be found in almost any novel; but such a being as Gallon the Fool is no where to be found except in the work before us. We will extract a description of his person:—

GALLON THE FOOL. "Never did a more curious physiognomy come from the cunning and various hand of nature. His nose was long, and was seemingly boneless; for, ever and anon, whether from some natural convulsive motion, or from a voluntary and laudable desire to improve upon the singular hideousness of his countenance, this long sausage-like contrivance in the midst of his face would wriggle from side to side, with a very portentous and uneasy movement. His eyes were large and grey, and did not in the least discredit the nose in whose company they were placed though they had in themselves a manifest tendency to separate, never having any fixed and determined direction, but wandering about apparently independent of each other,—sometimes far asunder,—sometimes like Pyramus and Thisbe, wooing each other across the wall of his nose with a most portentous squint. Besides this obliquity, they were endowed with a cold leadenness of stare, which would have rendered the whole face as meaningless as a mask, had not, every now and then, a still, keen, sharp glance stolen out of them for a moment, like the sudden kindling up of a fire, where all seemed cold and dead. His mouth was guarded with large, thick lips, which extended far and wide through a black and bushy beard; and, when he yawned, a great chasm seemed to open in his countenance, exposing to the very back two ranges of very white, broad teeth, with the accompanying gums."

Gallon the Fool is, however, more knave than fool, and has a spice of malice in his composition, that seems to delight in the miseries of those around him.

"Come!" cried De Coucy, "leave thy grimaces, and tell me, what said my uncle?"

"He said nothing," replied the juggler. "Haw, haw, haw! he said nothing, because he is dead, and——"

"Hold! hold!" cried De Coucy.—"Dead! God help me! How did he die?—when?—where?"

"Nobody knows when—nobody knows where—nobody knows how!" replied the juggler with a grin, which he could not suppress at his master's grief. "All they know is that he is dead as the saints at Jerusalem; and the king and the Duke of Burgundy, are quarrelling about his broad lands, which the two fools call moveables! He is dead! quite dead! Haw, haw, haw! Haw, haw!"

But Gallon the Fool, like all other fools, would sometimes tell the truth, where a wise man would not dare the hazardous experiment. Witness the following conversation with King John.

"Thou art a smart fool," said the monarch—"wilt thou take service with me?"

"Haw, haw!" shouted Gallon, reeling with laughter, as if there was something perfectly ridiculous in the proposition.—"Haw, haw, haw! I am fool enough, 'tis true! But I am not fool enough to serve a king."

"And why not?" demanded John. Methinks there is no great folly in that. Why not, fellow?"

"Haw, haw!" cried Gallon again. "A king's smiles are too valuable for me. That is the coin they pay in, where other men pay gold. Besides, since the time of Noah downwards, kings have always been ungrateful to their best subjects."

"How so?" asked the king. "In faith, I knew not that the patriarch had ever such a beast as thee in the ark."

"Was not the dove the first that he turned out?" demanded Gallon with an affected look of mock simplicity.

"Ha!" said John. "Thinkest thou thyself a dove? Thou art like it in the face, truly!"

"Not less than thou art like a lion," answered Gallon boldly. "And yet, men say you had once such a relation. Haw, haw! Haw, haw, haw!"

But in justice to poor Gallon, we are bound to say he made a very edifying end.

"Coucy, Coucy!" cried the dying juggler, in a faint voice, "Gallon is going on the long journey! Come hither and speak to him before he sets out!"

The young knight came close up to his wounded follower, who gazed on him with wistful eyes, in which shone the first glance of affection, perhaps, that he had ever bestowed on mortal man.

"I am sorry to leave thee, Coucy!" said he, "I am sorry to leave thee, now it comes to this—I love thee better than I thought.—Give me thy hand."

De Coucy spoke a few words of kindness to him, and let him take his hand, which he carried feebly to his lips, and licked it like a dying dog.

"I have spited you very often, Coucy," said the juggler; "and do you know I am sorry for it now, for you have been kinder to me than any one else.—Will you forgive me?"

"Yes, my poor Gallon," replied the knight: "I know of no great evil thou hast done; and even if thou hast, I forgive thee from my heart."

"Heaven bless thee for it!" said Gallon,—"Heaven bless thee for it! But hark thee, De Coucy! I will do thee one good turn before I die."

Gallon now goes on to confess and to make reparation for a falsehood by which he had seriously injured his master,—and to unfold to him a plot laid by his enemies for his destruction. And thus he concludes his warning and his life together:—

"Do not go, Coucy! do not go the camp—they think you a traitor.—Oh, how dim my eyes grow!—They will have your head off—dont go—you will be of no use with your head off. Haw, haw! Haw, haw!" And with a faint effort at his old wild laugh, Gallon the Fool gave one or two sharp shudders, and yielded the spirit, still holding De Coucy tight by the arm."

## AN IRISH SUBSTITUTE.

In our respectable Militia System a soldier may easily get clear of military duty by furnishing a substitute, provided always the said substitute can cheat the officers into a belief that he is *bona fide* the man to whose names he answers. At a late training in this city, a stout Irishman, just imported, was employed by a young merchant, of the name of George Tiffany to appear in the ranks and answer to his name. The clerk called the roll—

"John Jenkins!"

"Here."

"Peter Pilgarlick!"

"Here."

"George Tiffany!"

"Here am I, sure."

*Captain.* Who are you?

*Teddy.* George Stiffany, sure; aint that the jintleman ye're callin?

*Capt.* Yes; but you're not the man.

*Teddy.* The divil burn me if I aint.

*Capt.* Don't swear, Paddy.

*Teddy.* My name isn't Paddy, sir, axin your lave.

*Capt.* What then?

*Teddy.* Is it the rale truth ye want to know?

*Capt.* Certainly—I'll have no lies.

*Teddy.* Why then, to tell you the rale truth, my name is Teddy O'Bogg.

*Capt.* Well, Teddy O'Bogg, you may shoulder your musket and march.

*Teddy.* Where shall I march, Captain, dear?

*Capt.* Just where you please. George Tiffany is the man I want.

*Teddy.* I tell ye, Captain, I'm the man.

*Capt.* But you just now told me your name was Teddy O'Bogg.

*Teddy.* And so I did, sure—and all that's the rale truth, and no lie at all. The tarms are snonimous.

*Capt.* *Snonimous!* What's that?

*Teddy.* I'm surprised at your ignorance, Captain. But tell me, havn't ye never a dixenary about ye?

*Capt.* No.

*Teddy.* That's very unfartunate agin—for if ye had a dixenary, ye'd aisily understand what I mane—that is to say, that Teddy in Irish is equivalent jist to George Stiffany in the American tongue. Don't ye understand now?

*Capt.* I can't say I do; and therefore, Mr. Teddy O'Bogg, you have leave to march out of the ranks.

*Teddy.* Thank you, captain, dear—but with your lave I wont go.

*Capt.* You wont?

*Teddy.* No, I wont—always axin your lave; becaze, as I jist tould ye, my name is Teddy O'Bogg, and Teddy O'Bogg is George Stiffany—and we're both one all the same, axin your lave agin."

*Capt.* But you havn't my leave; so march, Mr. O'Bogg.

*Teddy.* I can't be done.

*Capt.* Can't?

*Teddy.* No how in raison, I mane; for I'll jist tell you how 'tis, captain. Misther George Stiffany bought me for all this day, to ansther to his name, for a pint of whiskey and one dollar lawful money; and I'm not the boy to be afther desarting my post.

*Capt.* Corporal, take a file of men, and march Teddy O'Bogg out of the ranks.

*Teddy.* Shall I be one of the file?

*Corp.* You! How will you go to work to march yourself out?

*Teddy.* I'll show ye, Corporal, dear. But in the first place I'd jist observe that Misther George Stiffany may be his ownself hereafter, and be hanged to him. With this praffis, jontlemen soldiers and fallow offisthers, I lave ye. [*Exit, whistling a tune.*

A HOT DINNER. Sharks, it is said, will follow a vessel for days or weeks together, in hopes of catching a man overboard, or for the sake of any bits of offal, or the refuse of the table. On this subject Jack Tafrail tells a pretty tolerably tough story. "There was," said he, "a big shark that followed the Mary Ann for a whole month together. He knew when it was meal time as well as the best of us; and would always be ready for his share of the mess as soon as the ship's crew had finished theirs. Well, there was Tom Staysail and myself, we laid a plan to outwit the fellow. About dinner-time one day we heated a cannon-ball—a twenty-four pounder—red-hot, and having first tossed Mr. Shark a bit or two of meat to get him in the way of catching well, we threw him the red-hot ball. He caught it and swallowed it down quicker than you could say Jack Robinson."

"Didn't it kill him?" asked a bystander.

"I don't know, 'faith," returned Jack; "but I believe he thought 'twas *a d——d hot dinner*, for we never saw him afterwards."

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LAMENTABLE! MOST LAMENTABLE!! We perceive with the most profound regret, by the Sullivan (N. H.) Mercury, that the ***Pumpkin*** crop has failed in the Granite State; and that paper contains a petition to his Excellency the Governor, either to omit appointing a day of Thanksgiving, or otherwise so to modify his proclamation as to dispense with the use of *pumpkin-pies* on that interesting occasion. Sad alternative! We deeply sympathise with our friends in New-Hampshire, and would, if possible, suggest some means to avert the unhappy consequences of the pumpkin failure. Query, could they not substitute squashes? We have known the ingenious dames of New-England make glorious *pumpkin-pies* out of *winter squashes.*

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A HEROINE'S HAND. The hand of the heroine of a novel is always *small.* Whatever may be the size of the lady herself, she must be sure to have a tiny hand. This the novelist gives her by prescriptive right, and as a necessary mark of beauty. We suppose they go upon the same principle that the Chinese do in relation to a lady's foot. And yet our Christians ridicule the Pagan taste of the gentry of the Celestial Empire.

But why should a small hand be accounted a characteristic of beauty? If we rightly understand the matter, a hand, or foot, or nose, in order to look well, should be in due proportion to the rest of the body. It is not the smallness of the limb that makes it beautiful—but the just relation it bears to the other parts. A small hand, therefore, unless it be upon a small person is an absolute deformity; and the novelists, while they think themselves beautifying their heroines by giving them tiny hands, are making them absolute frights. They are for the most part tall and personable ladies as one would meet with on a summer's day; but they have the most contemptible little hands, that ever any poor creature was disfigured withal.

But perhaps there may be a reasonable motive, at least in the minds of the male novelists, for giving their heroines small hands—namely, the security of their husband's ears. But would it not be better to provide the husbands with wigs, and allow the ladies to have hands of a decent size? For our own part we are absolutely tired of seeing the heroine of every novel put off with such shocking little hands. Do, gentlemen authors, get something original; your stock of small hands must be nearly exhausted, by this time.

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A BRIGADE FOR THE POLES. Some attempts have been made in this city to raise a brigade for the assistance of the Poles. How far they have succeeded we are not informed. But we fear the martial and free spirit of our young men will be of little service to the oppressed people, for whom their sympathies are enlisted. Late accounts lead us to believe that the condition of Poland is hopeless. A strong enemy without, and fierce disorders within, afford little prospect of the triumph of liberty in that unhappy country.

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⁂ All amounts due The Constellation since the commencement of the Second Volume are to be paid to Eustis Prescott & Co. or their authorized agents. S. BARTLETT.

Mr. Edward Trim is at present the sole Collector for the City.

New-York, Oct. 12, 1831.

## DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

### A CHAPTER ON BOTTLES.

See there—one may read character on that shelf! And what is there? Portraits? No. A pile of books? No. Perhaps the living, breathing, moving mortals themselves—smoking, talking, laughing, disputing? None of these—only a long row of empty bottles. Yet there is character in a black bottle.

See that little, short-necked, fat-looking fellow, 12 inches in circumference, 9 inches high—the cork too, stuck in all awry, like a man with his hat on one side of his head. He is a jolly fellow—was no doubt filled with good old Madeira or Burgundy, perhaps Cogniac—indeed he looks very much like Cogniac; a real bully, with a little touch of the braggadocio; a fist would hardly overset him, and an overset would never break him.

Now turn to that tall, lean, lank-looking, long-necked chap, Monsieur Claret. Weak as the liquid he holds, a north wind must never breathe upon him; touch him gently or you will shiver him to atoms. He is one of your slender-built gentlemen, somewhat quakish, with falling shoulders and a very high crowned hat; one that always stands aside when a mightier one comes, as if an encounter might demolish him; a peaceable sort of personage, that never speaks much above a whisper. No match at all for old Madeira.

Some are staid, sober looking bottles; the necks are put straight on their bodies, and the corks are put straight in the necks; very correct in their deportment, no doubt; never have been, and never mean to be, in a frolic. Their sides are perfectly corresponding, like a respectably made coat; and their corks are new, like a sleek, well-brushed hat. There is something of deep thought about such an one—something respectable, as if it would not be well to crack a joke over them.

Then come your little, merry, facetious articles—an indent here, a protuberance there, as if fun had twisted them all out of shape; bottles that it makes one laugh to look at, and that look as if they were laughing themselves.

There is, in fact, a deal of character in a black bottle. They never talk, but then they look wise and knowing, and sometimes cause talking and laughing in others. Oh yes! there is companionship in a black bottle, even after it is empty. *Winchester Republican.*

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From the Saturday Evening Post.

### KATEY DID.

Ah, Katey! I have found you out,
  You little gipsey, it was you
That lately caused so great a rout,
  And made so very much to do;
'Twas you that play'd such curious pranks,
  And led me such a life of wo.
I've found you out; to you no thanks;—
  I'll tell you how I came to know.

Last evening I took a walk;
  The moon shone bright, calm was the air,
And to myself began to talk,—
  Nought human, but myself, was there,—
"Who was't," said I, "that t'other night,
  My spectacles and slippers hid?"
Straight came the answer, from some spright,
    "Katey did, Katey did."

Surprised, I looked around, but nought
  In human shape could I espy;
Nor all my search could find out aught
  But a green insect, fluttering by.
"And what mischievous one," said I,
  "Strew'd holly leaves within my bed?"
As quick as thought was the reply,
    "Katey did, Katey did."

"And who, whilst in my chair I slept,
  Taking a comfortable snore,
Behind my back so slyly crept,
  And turn'd my wig wrong side before?
Then emptied my tobacco box,
  And plac'd a mouse within the lid?"
Again the little voice replied,
    "Katey did, Katey did."

I ask'd a hundred questions more,
  Of roguish tricks which I've endured;
And that you've played them o'er and o'er,
  I now am perfectly assured;
For my informant was no dunce,
  Though he was from my optics hid,
So smoothly follow'd each response,
    "Katey did, Katey did."

So, now, you see, I've found you out,
  You pretty, you mischievous maid!
In future, mind what you're about:—
  Of consequences be afraid;
For still I'll court these 'witching spells,
  And my unknown informant bid
Tell me and every body else,
  Of all the mischief Katey did. G.

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*Eloquence.* A young sprig of the law, just commencing practice in one of the southern states, determined to make a *hit* in his "maiden speech," and thereby putting the noses of his older cotemporaries out of joint. He therefore volunteered in the case of a poor man who had been guilty of sticking a knife into one of his neighbor's hogs, and commenced his speech in the following manner:—

"Your honor the Judge, and gentlemen of the jury. While Europe is deluged in blood—while classic Greece is struggling for her rights and liberties, and trampling the unhallowed altars of the bearded infidel to dust—while the chosen few of degenerate Iberia, are wearing their burnished swords in the sun-light of Liberty—while America is standing forth the brightest orb in the political sky—I, with due diffidence arise to *defend the cause of this humble hog-thief!*"

Another specimen of Ciceronian eloquence is still fresh in our memory. A committee-man on the construction of a certain turnpike, once addressed a meeting in the following language:—

"Who among you, gentlemen, can mark the onward march of Internal Improvement without cherishing feelings of pride for the present glory of your country? The stupendous work now under construction, when completed, will be an additional star in the coronet of our nation's greatness—millions will admire the patriotism and enterprize of the citizens of —— county; the hog-trade with Kentucky will be secured, which will be of immense benefit to this flourishing village, which I can already picture as one of the proudest cities in the world! I therefore, gentlemen, motion that we appropriate an additional wheelbarrow and two shovels for the use of the workman."—*Baltimore Minerva.*

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### THE FOUNTAIN OF OBLIVION.

BY FELICIA HEMANS.

"Imploro Pacem!"

One draught, kind Fairy! from that fountain deep
  To lay the phantoms of a haunted breast
And lone affections, those deep griefs, to steep
  In the cold honey-dews of dreamless rest;
And from the soul the lightning-marks to lave—
          One draught of that sweet wave!

Yet, mortal, pause!—within thy mind is laid
  Wealth, gather'd long and slowly; thoughts divine
Heap that full treasure-house; and thou hast made
  The gems of many a spirit's ocean thine;
Shall the dark waters to oblivion bear
          A pyramid so fair?

Pour from the founts, and let the draught efface
  All the vain lore by money's pride amass'd
So it but sweep along the torrent's trace,
  And fill the hollow channels of the past;
And from the inmost bosom's folded leaf,
          Raze the one master's grief!

Yet pause once more!—all, *all* thy soul hath known,
  Loved, felt, rejoiced in, from its grasp must fade!
Is there no voice whose kind awakening tone
  A sense of spring-time in thy heart hath made?
No eye whose glance thy day-dreams would recall?
    Think—would'st thou part with all?

Fill with forgetfulness there are, there *are*
  Voices whose music I have loved too well;
Eyes of deep gentleness—but they are far—
  Never! oh—never, in my home to dwell
Take their soft looks from off my yearning soul—
          Fill high th' oblivious bowl!

Yet pause again—with memory wilt thou cast
  The undying hope away, of memory born?
Hope of re-union, heart to heart at last,
  No restless doubt between, no rankling thorn!
Would'st thou erase all records of delight
          That make such visions bright?

Fill with forgetfullness, fill high!—yet stay
  'Tis from the past we shadows forth the land,
Where smiles long lost, again shall light our way,
  And the soul's friends be wreathed in one bright hand:
Pour the sweet waters back on their own rill,
          I *must* remember still.

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THE GREAT MORALIST, Samuel Johnson, sometimes indulged his personal prejudices, in the definitions which he gave to words in his Dictionary. Mr Croker, in his addition of Boswell's Life of Johnson mentions that it would seem Johnson's father, who had been a tanner at Litchfield, had been treated or threatened with great severity by the excise authorities, which circumstance was evidently in the great Lexicographer's mind, when he explained the word "excise" as "a hateful tax, levied upon commodities, and adjudged, not by the common judges of property, but *wretches* hired by those to whom the excise is paid." Boswell relates, that the excise commissioners, being greatly offended by this severe reflection, consulted the then attorney general, Mr. Murray, (afterwards Lord Mansfield,) upon the propriety of prosecuting the author; and though he correctly states the purport of the opinion given by that eminent lawyer, he expresses his disappointment that "*the secrecy of office*" did not permit him to obtain a copy of it. Mr. Croker has been enabled to supply this defect, through the kindness of the Deputy Chairman of the Board of Excise, who gave him a copy both of the case and opinion, which we insert as a remarkable literary curiosity:

"*Case for the opinion of Mr. Attorney General.* Mr. Samuel Johnson has lately published a book, entitled, 'a Dictionary of the English Language, in which the words are deduced from their Originals, and illustrated in their different Significations by Examples from the best Writers. To which are prefixed a History of the Language, and an English Grammar.' Under the Title 'Excise' are the following words:

'EXCISE, *n. s.* (*accijis,* Dutch; *excisum,* Latin.) A hateful Tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged, not by the common judges of property, but wretches hired by those to whom the excise is paid.

"The people should pay a rateable Tax for their shoes, and an excise for every thing which they should let." *Hayward.*

"Ambitious now to take excise
Of a more fragrant Paradise." *Cleveland.*

"Excise
With hundred rows of teeth the shark exceeds,
And on all trades, like cassawar, she feeds."
*Marvel.*

"Can hire large Houses, and oppress the poor, by formal excise." *Dryden's Juvenal, Sat. 3.*'

The author's definition being observed by the Commissioners of Excise, they desire the favour of your opinion. Qu. whether it will not be considered as a libel, and, if so, whether it is not proper to proceed against the author, printers, and publishers thereof, or any and which of them, by information, or how otherwise? I am of opinion, that it is a libel. But under all the circumstances, I should think it better to give him an opportunity of altering his definition, and in case he does not, to threaten him with an information. W. MURRAY

29 Nov. 1755."

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### FROST.

*By Miss Gould.*

The Frost looked forth, one still clear night,
And he said, "Now I shall be out of sight,
So through the valley and over the height,
    In silence I'll take my way;
I will not go on like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow—the hail and the rain,
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain,
    But I'll be as busy as they!"

Then he went to the mountain and powdered its crest
He climbed up the trees, and their boughs he dressed
With diamonds and pearls, and over the breast
    Of the quivering lake, he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The downward point of many a spear,
That he hung on its margin, far and near,
    Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane like a fairy crept,
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
    By the light of the moon, were seen
Most beautiful things. There were flowers and trees,
There were bevies of birds, and swarms of bees—
There were cities, thrones, temples and towers! and these
    All pictured in silver sheen!

But he did one thing that was hardly fair;
He went to the cupboard, and finding there,
That all had forgotten for him to prepare,
    "Now, just to set them a thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he;
"This bloated pitcher I'll burst in three!
And the glass of water they've left for me
    Shall 'tchick' to tell them I'm drinking!"

---

*Anecdote of the death of John Hunter.* Reason alone is a very unsafe test to try any man's conduct by; his passions, his impulses, and his caprice are often active, while his reason is asleep. So much are we under the influence of sensation, that John Hunter, the great surgeon and physiologist, died in a fit of enraged passion, although he often said that such an excitement would certainly prove fatal to him. He died in St. George's Hospital, Oct. 16, 1793, under these circumstances: being there in the exercise of his official duty as a surgeon, he had a warm dispute with Dr. Pierson on a professional subject, upon which he said, "I must retire, for I feel an agitation which will be fatal to me if I increase it," and he immediately withdrew into an adjoining room; but Dr. Pierson, not being willing to give up his argument, followed him, which so enraged Hunter, that he vehemently exclaimed, "You have followed me on purpose to be the death of me! you have murdered me!" and instantly fell and expired.

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### LAMENTATION OF AN OLD SHOE.

Through all my days I've sore been press'd
  And trampled under feet,
Stranger alike to joy and rest,
  Or liberty so sweet.

At length I'm gone, and quite decayed,
  And naught can me condole;
For he, whose power and wisdom made
  Me—cannot save my *soul.*

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The Elective Review for May, says: "We have high authority for the following statement: When the King took the crown, before he entered the House of Lords to dissolve the late Parliament, he would not suffer it to be placed on his head. He said, "No, I will put it on myself;" which he did, and then turning instantly to Lord Grey, added, "Now, my lord the coronation is over!""

From the New-York Weekly Record.

## THE DEVONSHIRE BULL.

As good a story of its kind as we remember to have met with, is the following tale of a pedlar from the Sandy Hill Advocate. Keeping up with much truth and spirit the body of the narrative, it has the incidental merit of some excellent hits, *en passant*.

"Joshua Peabody was one of five sons of a Connecticut farmer, who had just enough land to support one family, and no more; so that all the sons but the eldest early discovered the necessity of resorting to some business in which they could support themselves by their own exertions. Long before Joshua was *of age*, he had determined to pursue the honourable employment of peddling. Start not, gentle reader, at hearing the word honourable coupled with peddling. I know of no reason why one employment should necessarily be considered more or less honourable than another; and have long been of the opinion, that the man who peaceably and quietly pursues the most humble employment, and comfortably supports himself and his family, should be classed infinitely above the many scores of half learned boobies who attempt to get a livelihood in the practice of some of the professions, because they are *honourable*, and thus doom themselves to a perpetual struggle with pride and poverty.

In the fall of the year in which Joshua was nineteen, he obtained his father's consent to try his skill in the employment he had chosen, and was soon equipped in first rate style—not with an old crazy cart and half-starved horse, as was the custom fifty years ago, but with a substantial, well-made and well-fed horse and a covered wagon, glowing with all the colours of the rainbow—ornamented with curtains, and trimmed with many a yard of red cotton fringe. His load requires a more minute description, as it is often thought very wonderful, that a pedlar can travel a thousand miles and back, and make money, by selling out a load which does not appear to be worth half enough to bear the expenses. There is, however, more value in a pedlar's wagon, 'Horatio, than is dreamed of in your philosophy.'

The most bulky part of our hero's load consisted of wooden clocks, without cases, which cost two dollars and fifty cents a piece, on which he expected to make a profit of what he called ten per cent.; that is, ten times as much as they cost. Some forty or fifty of these were snugly stowed on the bottom of the wagon, and a nice lid shut over them, to keep them secure. On this lid were placed a bag full of whip lashes, a few parcels of segars, and a number of boxes, containing all the variety of combs, from coarse horn to super superfine ivory and high finished tortoise shell. The fore part of the wagon box, on which he expected to sit, constituted a separate apartment, the approach to which was secured by a formidable pad-lock which dangled in front. This box contained an assortment, on the profits of which he was to subsist himself and horse; and consisted of a great variety of the little good-for-nothing things which women are so fond of purchasing—such as beads, earrings, breast pins, and all the little et ceteras of jewelry; besides a good store of essences, shaving soap, scissors, thread, needles, pins, and stilettoes, not daggers my friends, but little instruments made of ivory, which the ladies use for piercing round holes in muslin, for the express purpose of darning them up again.

Joshua's dress had nothing of the antique mode. His hat had a brim that was no broader than was usual, and his hair was not tied with an eel skin; but his outward man was clothed in the substantial, comfortable, fear-nothing style of an independent, unassuming farmer. Thus equipped, Joshua made a profitable excursion to Ohio; and the same was annually repeated for several years. In every voyage numerous incidents occurred, of sufficient importance to deserve a place in some of our fashionable periodicals, with all their minute details spun out into the formidable length of most modern tales, in which a page is taken up in telling what fifty years ago would have been told in a single line. Of these occurrences it is my humble province to relate one, and that with all convenient brevity.

In Joshua's fourth voyage, he had with him a larger number of clocks than usual; and would willingly have sold them all at less price than formerly, was it not for the fear, that it would injure his business, and lower the price of his clocks forever after. He therefore wisely concluded to keep up the price to twenty five dollars, as usual; and when he could do no better, to take any thing that was offered for ten of it, provided the remaining fifteen were paid in cash. In this manner he obtained a great many queer articles; and in many instances had to exert a goodly share of ingenuity to dispose of them to advantage. One farmer insisted on his taking *stock*, as he termed it; to which Joshua readily agreed. The old gentleman had in his mind's eye, at the same time of making the proposition, a calf, which was so poor he was afraid it would die before spring. The said calf was selected, and with all due formality delivered to our hero. He made no objection; but with his usual gravity, pocketed his fifteen dollars—tied a rope round the calf's neck—hitched it to the back of the wagon, and drove on. Great wonder prevailed throughout the country, to see the pedlar with so mean a calf—or indeed, with any kind of a calf, tied to his wagon; and many were the questions asked concerning so rare an occurrence. But Joshua was as grave as ever: He knew his own business, and that was enough for his purpose. In one of his first pedling voyages he had formed an acquaintance with "Squire Leeland,' as he was called, in Licking county, who had long been in the habit of *reading* whatsoever came in his way that treated on agriculture; and was extremely anxious to improve his breed of cattle and sheep. In fact, he had paid a large sum of money the year before for a merino buck and ewe, by which he acquired so much celebrity, that he was looked up to with wonder by part of his neighbours, and laughed at by the rest.

To the 'squire's then, Joshua made his way. Not that he had the least wish to cheat his old friend. He was too honest for that: for he was in the habit of boasting that he cheated nobody—told no lies, and never travelled a road which he was afraid to travel again. 'But, then,' thought Joshua, 'if the 'squire has a mind to cheat *himself*, its nobody's business. *I* can't be to blame.'

His reception at the house of his old acquaintance was as cordial as he could have desired, and the evening was spent as usual in recounting the incidents which had occurred to each other since they last met. In the morning, the 'squire, for the first time, noticed the calf. 'Why, Joshua! what, in the name of common sense, have you got here?' 'Nothing, but a poor, mean, lousy calf—that's all.' 'But what did you bring it here for?' 'I'll tell you what, 'squire, it's a pretty considerable long story, and a foolish one to boot; but I must tell it to you. You know that 'Boston folks are full of notions,' and among other foolish ideas that's got into their heads, they think, if they can only send to England and get any thing it will be as good agin as if they got it at home. So off they sent, last summer, after a drove of cattle—when *you* know, and *I* know, that there was thousands on 'em in the Bay State and Connecticut, that could be got as cheap agin.' 'Yes—but, Joshua, remember the importance of improving the breed of cattle in this country.' 'Improve a fiddlestick!—I beg your pardon, 'squire; but it puts me out of patience to hear folks talk so. Now, look at that calf—and s'posing he did come over from England, and they called him a Devonshire Bull, and gave five hundred dollars for him—do you s'pose he'd improve your breed of cattle?' The eyes of 'Squire Leeland opened with astonishment, and he enquired with the greatest eagerness, if the calf was in fact one of the far-famed breed from Devonshire. 'I didn't say he was—for I don't know nothing about the breeds: but if General Braynard has a mind to pay five hundred dollars for him, and give me fifty dollars to fetch him all the way from Boston, why, I say, the greater fool he.' The 'squire was all in extacies. He knew that a number of some of the first breeds of cattle in England had been imported into Boston, and that General Braynard had been striving to procure some of them. This calf must, then, be one, worn thin and meagre by his long journey by sea and by land. He asked a few pertinent questions, which Joshua answered with his usual circumlocution; and the 'squire was entirely satisfied that he then had the pleasure, for the first time in his life, of viewing one of that identical breed of cattle which he had so long been desirous to obtain. Joshua read all that passed in his mind, and proceeded accordingly. 'Now, 'squire, I want a little of your candid advice: you see this poor calf is a'most dead with his journey, and it's pretty nigh two hundred miles to General Braynard's; and I'm mighty afeard he'll die before I get there. If it wa'n't for my fifty dollars, which I *must* have to pay for my land, I should have killed him long ago. You can't tell what a plague he is to me. I have to drive so confounded slow, and spend half my time a nursing on him, that I don't know what to do.' 'Why, Joshua, if the fifty dollars is all your trouble, only leave him with me, and I'll give you that in a jerk—but don't think of killing him.' 'I'll tell you what, 'Squire Leeland; you and I have been acquainted these four years, and have always hitched our horses together pretty well; now, I advise you, as a friend, to give up your notions about merino sheep and Devonshire cattle—to keep your fifty dollars, and have nothing to do with sich a shabby-looking krittur as this is. But, then, if you'll have your own way, I'll make you an offer. You know, a yankee is always true to his employer; and I sha'n't leave General Braynard's calf without giving him a fair chance to get it again.' The 'squire looked grave. 'Now, if you've a mind to give me the fifty dollars, and make out a writing with your name to it, that any time within six months the General may have the krittur, by paying you back the money and paying for the trouble and expense of keeping him'—— 'I'll do it,' says the 'squire; 'but, hark ye, Joshua, tell him a pretty bad story about the bull, and discourage him if you can.' 'Well, 'squire, you may take the calf; but sha'n't tell nothing to the General, nor nobody else, that a'n't true. But in this case the truth is bad enough; and I rather guess he won't come. And now, 'squire, remember what I tell you—I'd rather have one calf from our old brindled cow, than to have half-a-dozen sich kritturs as that is—I wou'dn't give four pence ha'penny for him.' The 'squire smiled sagely, and said as plain as any man can say without speaking, 'I know what I'm about.' Joshua pocketed his money, and departed with the gravity of a sexton; and the 'squire commenced nursing his calf. By dint of uncommon attention and double feeding, he soon began to thrive, and in due time became the wonder of the neighbourhood. The *mistake* was never discovered. Joshua continued to make the 'squire's house a regular stopping place; but a close observer could see a kind of queer expression in the corner of his eye, when he heard the neighbours extolling 'Squire Leeland's *Devonshire Bull*."

## THE TWO MUNCHAUSENS.

BY A VETERAN.

In the late ——— regiment of Light Dragoons, were two worthy persons, who were denominated the regimental liars; a distinction to which, giving every man his due, they were eminently entitled. The great and fundamental requisites for accomplishing lying, I conceive to be a good memory, a fertile fancy, ready wit, fluency of speech, and a brazen countenance, so that you shall tell a man a most barefaced falsehood, and afterwards adduce such connected proofs as especially characterise actual facts. The following dialogue is a specimen of the talents of the aforementioned mendacious personages:—

C. See a man walk after he was shot dead! So have I, a whole day's march.

B. Come, come, that's stealing a march upon our senses. No, no, it wont do: that's a naked one; do pray, turn them out with some kind of probability covering over them.

C. What! doubt my veracity!

B. Not for the world; that would be illiberal and unkind; and by the way, now I think of it, I believe the possibility of a man travelling without his *cranium*; for at the battle of Laswaree, during that desperate contest for British India, I saw a serjeant of the 76th shot dead; yet the fellow pursued his antagonist some hundred yards afterwards, threatening vengeance on the miscreant for having robbed the service of one of its best men. Finding himself weak from loss of blood, he deliberately unscrewed his head, threw it violently on the foe, and took him on the spine; down he tumbled; the veteran jumped upon him; fearful was the struggle; chest to chest, fist to fist; at last they joined in the death grapple, and dreadful indeed was the dying hug.

C. My dear friend, I was an eye witness of the whole transaction. You have however forgotten the best part of the story. After the sergeant had well pommelled his enemy, he pickep up his head again, and thrust it into a neighboring great gun; from the want of his peepers he made a random shot, and killed the horse on which Lord Lake was riding—his Lordship saluted the sod.

B. I recollect it perfectly: for the nose of the said sergeant (recognized by sundry carbuncles) was so hard that the following day it was extracted from the abdomen of the unfortunate animal.

C. You make a mistake about the nose; it was discovered lodged in a corporal's knapsack; the man could swear to it, for it was perforated by three balls, and otherwise curiously marked. Report said that a shell had once blown it completely off, and that it was stitched on again by a shoe-maker, who ever after went by the name of the *nosey* cobbler.

B. Nothing impossible. It reminds me of a story somewhat as strange. During the battle of Delhi there was a quarter-master in the regiment, a queer fellow, who was never at a loss (he is now in the corps, and can vouch for my statement,) he was charging at the head of his squadron, when he caught a cannon shot in his hands; instantly dismounting, he chucked the ball into a fieldpiece, but for want of ramrod, he drove it home with his head. One of the enemy, seeing him thus zealously occupied, fired off the gun; strange to tell, he was not killed! From constant exposure to the sun in search of toddy, and from the free use of cocoanut oil, his head had become proof against shot. The distance from the place whence he was projected, to that where he was picked up measured three miles, two furlongs, three yards, and eleven inches. A hard-headed fellow, sir. In his career he upset a Colonel and a brace of Captains.

C. He did: and where the Colonel was capsized he made such a hole by his enormous weight, that the sovereign of Delhi ordered a large well to be dug on the spot, in memory of the event.

B. I remember the well—twelve feet three inches and a half was the exact depth of the excavation occasioned by the fall.

C. There you are wrong; only eleven feet three inches—

B. No, believe me, I am right; twelve feet, and three inches to a barleycorn.

C. Never mind: a little, this way or that, is of no consequence. The most extraordinary thing was, that the gallant Colonel only sprained his right arm.

B. By no means extraordinary. You remember the great gun of Agra, in which a regiment of cavalry used to drill?

C. I do. The one which fired the stone ball to the wall of Futtipoore Sikrah—twenty miles.

B. The same. Well, when that gun was fired, a thing that never occurred but once, the head of the rash man who fired it was afterwards found in the Old Woman's Tank, eleven miles from the spot, without so much as a blemish, except a slight singing of the right whisker.

C. Ah! I can never forget the time, I had just landed in Calcutta when I heard the report. Some of the wadding went as far as Cawnpore.

Here the trumpet sounding for morning-drill put a stop to the colloquy. *Englishman's Magazine.*

## PARAPHRASTIC LINES.

> "Scilicet uxorem cum dote, fidemque, et amicos,
> Et genus, et formam regina Pecunia donat,
> Ac bene nummatum decorgat Suadela Venusque."—*Hor.*

I sued and sighed to win a bride; yet so long my wooing tarried,
I really did begin to think I never should get married.
With ma' and miss I ever failed, though no man's morals sounder,
Till wealth came in, and then I got a thirty thousand pounder.

When formerly I needed tick—e'en the tailors wore blank looks—
Now all are but too proud to have *my* name upon their books;
My lonely doors no friend approached—I heard but single knocks—
Now I want beds for those who crowd their dear friend's sporting box.

My family? O no one knew—the lip in scorn would curl—
Now my family's grown old, and I'm third cousin to an earl.
Bull-necked and bandy-legged was I, now the Belvidere Apollo
In form is but a fool to me—I'm told I beat him hollow.

Each painter wants to paint my face, sculptors to cast my noddle;
The academicians, too, have all besought me for a model.
Of yore, if e'er I rose to speak, loud coughing dinned my ears;
"Great cheering" welcome now my words, with frequent "Hears" and "Cheers."

The women once were wont to call me bilious, dark, and yellow;
Now, e'en the men allow that I'm a "—— good-looking fellow."
Such do the changes prove, I ween, in this life's mottled spun,
Between one when one's not, and when one is, a monied man.

## ANECDOTES OF ELLISTON.

Elliston's presumed likeness to his late Majesty was a source of unfailing consolation to him, and he carried his love of the resemblance so far as to insinuate that his complaint was 'the same as the King's.' Perhaps the 'Coronation' at Drury Lane, originated this delusion. He nightly 'blessed his people,' and at the end of the season, had medals struck, with the King's head on one side, and, we believe, his own on the other. He lived for years on the hope of a baronetcy, which dwindled in his latter days to an idea of a seat in Parliament 'for Staffordshire.' This he talked of, till he really expected it.

An indication of this feeling will be detected in an observation which he made to a friend of ours, not long ago, respecting an actor, who had not experienced so much favour from the public as his merits, in Elliston's eyes, seemed to deserve:—'But his failure, Sir,' said he, 'is attributable to myself; I brought him out at Drury Lane at an unlucky moment—at a time when it was the *fashion to abuse me*, and to depreciate all my attempts to sustain the dramatic character of my country. There was a conspiracy against me; the *press* made a set at me, a dead set, Sir—*as they did at Wyndham*.'

His hobby was speech-making. A volume of the speeches of the great Apologist, would be the richest book in the language. Upon some occasion when the house (Drury Lane) was very much crowded, the manager, who, of course, meant to address the *audience*, went first into the lobbies, to appease those who were unable to obtain a glimpse of the stage, in order that he might not lose a listener. He inquired, with a solemn face, whether they had tried the pit—the two-shilling gallery. 'Oh, yes—all full.' 'Well, then, gentlemen, I can only repeat my regret that there is no room in *any* part of this *splendid theatre*; but,' he continued, 'if you go *over the way*,' pointing to Covent Garden, 'you'll find *plenty* of room. I cannot return your money—but you'll find plenty of room; there's always plenty.'

On the last night of Kean's performance, previous to his departure for America, '*Richard III*' was the play, Elliston acting *Richmond*. Before the fifth act, both were in a state almost as bad as that of *Clarence*, in his butt of malmsey. Elliston, as he was going on in the last scene, said 'Bring me a battle-axe.'—'Here's your sword, Sir—you don't want a battle-axe.' Elliston was peremptory, and the battle-axe was brought, with which he rushed on the stage, and struck at Kean in a style by no means consistent with the laws of chivalry. The blow brought them both to the ground, where the contest was very unceremoniously continued; the manager vociferating—You shan't go to America—I'll give you fifty pounds a night!'—and the other, more weakened with previous exertion, responding at intervals—'Don't be a fool!' The audience hissed from every part of the theatre; when Elliston, suddenly recovering himself, rose, staggered to the front of the stage, assumed his usual attitude, glanced round the house, and, as if nothing at all had happened, proceeded to address the audience, now silently awaiting the apology. This was the speech:—'Ladies and Gentlemen: as proprietor of this *magnificent* establishment, I have the honour to announce to you, that it is my intention to appropriate the entire receipts of to-morrow evening's entertainments, in aid of the widows and orphans of *the gallant sufferers at Waterloo*.'

Of course, nobody heard a word about Waterloo and its widows, the next morning—but the audience went away in raptures with his *generosity!*

* * *

*New Cemetery.*—The beautiful grounds at Mount Auburn were consecrated on the 24th ult. Among the services were an address by Judge Story, and the singing of a hymn written by the Rev. Mr. Pierpont, of which the following was the concluding verse:

Here, to thy bosom, mother Earth,
Take back, in peace, what thou hast given;
And all, that is of heavenly birth,
O God, in peace, recall to Heaven.

From the Herald of the Times.

### NULLIFICATION.

Lines written on hearing that the town of Beaufort, South Carolina, had requested the Governor to proclaim a day of fasting and humiliation, to avert the evils impending over the nation in consequence of the Tariff Laws.

The people of Beaufort being piously given,
Besieged with their prayers the portals of heaven,
But fearing *mere* prayers, without strong supplication,
Would not aid the great cause of *nullification*,
They pray'd that the Governor, for deeds done and past,
Would order throughout Carolina, a fast;
And call on the planters, *if they'd have their wish*,
On a day that he'd mention, to eat "*salted fish*"—
But the Governor said he would *nullify* fish,
As being too much of a d——d Yankee dish.
His excellency then proclaim'd in a trice,
That the people should eat *sweet potatoes and rice.*
Oh—list, ye M'Duffies—ye Haynes and Calhouns—
No longer submit to these Yankee poltroons;
For their beef, pork, and butter, we care not a groat,
And our rice and our cotton we'll keep till they rot;
And we guess brother Jon'than will feel rather glum,
When we nullify notions and New-England rum;
We'll appeal to John Bull, whom so oft we abus'd,
And tell him how treacherously we have been used,
We'll claim his protection, and at his own price,
We'll supply him with ground-nuts, and cotton and rice;
Each spindle and loom we'll destroy "*if we can*,"
From Lowell's proud trophies to Schenck's Mattawan.

SHUTTLE.

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From the Massachusetts Journal and Tribune.

### WOMAN'S LOVE STRONG IN DEATH.

There is nothing more true than the homely old proverb that 'one half of the world don't know how the other half live.'

We think we are a happy and prosperous community, and that the blessings of life are very equally divided among us; and all this is very true; but there are instances of misery among us, known only to the searching eye of benevolence, the recital of which are enough to make the heart thrill with anguish. The following facts are related by an excellent lady, whose active exertions in the cause of charity, (not in the slightest degree impeded by declining years) deserves a statue.—She was herself a witness of the scene of suffering, to which her kind heart and ready hand brought all the alleviation that circumstances would admit. Having heard that a poor Irish woman was dying in —— St. amid unusual sufferings and privations, she immediately went to the distressing scene—and a distressing scene it indeed was! The dying woman who three days before had given birth to an infant, was lying on the naked bedcords, with nothing to rest her emaciated limbs but a few bunches of hard shavings. She had had a bed: but her drunken husband had pulled it from under her to buy rum, to keep a *wake* over her dead baby. He and his companions were singing, swearing, carousing and fighting in an adjoining room, separated only by a thin partition. On the bedstead, with her feet thrown over the poor sufferer, lay a gigantic woman, senseless in liquor; the creature was mistress to the intoxicated husband. After such comforts as could be readily procured were given to the invalid, the lady who came to her relief urged her to have her cruel companion sent to the work-house. The patient wife begged and intreated that no complaint might be made of *him*. 'He *had* been' she said 'such an industrious man, such a kind husband—He was led astray by bad company, who made him believe they loved him better than she did; but she was sure he would reform. He *had* been such a good husband! If they sent him to the House of Correction, it would break his spirits and discourage him. She was *sure* he would reform.'

It would have been cruelty not to have listened to these urgent entreaties—and the husband was left unmolested.

The dying woman, being asked if she had no friends, whom she wished so see, mentioned a female friend, whom she had known in Ireland; the kindness of strangers sought out this friend, who hastened to the sufferer's bedside with the affection of a good Irish heart. When undepraved by vice, what people on earth have warmer and better feelings than the Irish?

When the invalid was visited the next day, her female friend was with her, weeping bitterly, and sobbing, 'Och! and have I lived to see it come to this with her—and I not to know of the same! Och, why did'nt they tell me it had come to this?

The sufferer was weaker, and was evidently dying. With her skinny and trembling hand she tried to hold the sheet up to one of her temples, faltering out, in broken accents,' 'Dont say anything about it—Dont say—they will blame *him*.'

Poor fond creature! The temple she tried to cover was clotted with blood! Dying, as she was she had been struck by her hard-hearted husband! And yet with the strong endurance of woman's love, she tried to the last to shield *him* from blame, He had been the beloved husband of her youth, and her heart *could* not rebel against him—poverty, insult, suffering and cruelty—it braved them all, and loved on, even in death!

By a conversation with the female friend it was ascertained that the poor broken-hearted wife had once been a domestic in the family of an Irish nobleman, with whom she was a great favorite, on account of her intelligence and winning sweetness of disposition. By their kindness she was enabled to receive a much better education than usually falls to the lot of people in her condition. She married, and came to America with her husband, and the friend, who told her story. Whether her patrons approved of her union we know not—but it seems the husband behaved very well for a few years, and the wife was contented and happy. At last, he went away from home to work—he became acquainted with an abandoned woman, who soon enticed him to a familiarity with vice in every form.

He returned home a drunkard, and brought his dissolute companion with him. Tears, arguments, entreaties, and kind attentions availed nothing.—The patient wife had only to keep her heart from breaking as long as she could, for her children's sake. She gave birth to an infant.—As I have already said, the bed was dragged from under her to buy rum. Another bed was furnished by the hand of charity; and this the wretch insisted should be shared by himself and his drunken, shameless companion. The poor wife begged that her dying moments might not be disturbed. Her husband incited by his profligate companion, and enraged with intoxication, caught up a broken stool, and hurled it at the sufferer's head.

Some friend called in the aid of the police; but even after this last act of cruelty, the devoted wife wrote a note requesting that the complaint might be withdrawn from the Police Court,—stating that the charge against her husband had originated in mistake. Although this generous note was written with a weak and trembling hand, its correct and handsome style excited remark.

The last effort of her rapidly decaying strength was to hide the blood, which oozed from her wound, lest the visitors should blame *him*.——She died a few hours after.

The husband, and his hardened companion in vice made their escape. The surviving little ones depend on the bounty of the Catholic Church, always promptly bestowed on its suffering children.

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From the Englishman's Magazine.

### CHANGE SWEEPETH OVER ALL.

BY WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

Change sweepeth over all;
In showers leaves fall
From the tall forest tree;
On to the sea
Majestic rivers roll—
It is their goal.
Each speeds to perish in man's simple seeming—
Each disappears;
One common end o'ertakes life's idle dreaming—
Dust, Darkness, Tears.

Day hurries to its close;
The Sun that rose;
A miracle of light,
Is captive to night;
The skirt of one vast pall
O'ershadows all.
Yon firmamental cresset lights forth shining—
Heaven's highest born,
Droop on their thrones, and like pale spirits pining,
Vanish with morn.

O'er cities of old days
Dumb creatures gaze;
Palace and pyramid,
In dust are hid;
Yea the sky-searching tower
Stands but its hour;
Oceans their wide-stretched beds are shifting;
Sea turns to shore;
And stars and systems thro' dread space are drifting
To shine no more.

Their names die, who first smote
Nations remote,
With panic fear, or wrong;
Heroic Song
Grapples with time, in vain;
On to the main
Of dim forgetfulness for ever rolling,
Earth's bubbles burst;
Time o'er the wreck of ages sternly tolling
His last and worst.

The world waxeth old,
Heaven dull and cold;
Nothing lacketh a close
Save human woes:
Yet they, too, have an end,—
Death is man's friend:
Doomed for a while his heart must go on breaking,
Day after day;
But Light, Love, Life, all—all at last forsaking,
Clay claspeth clay!

## VARIETY.

THE KING'S CHAMPION.—Sir William Dugdale asserts that William the Conqueror conferred on Robert de Marmion, one of his Norman followers, the Castle of Tamworth, to hold by Knight's service, in Warwickshire, and the Manor of Scrivelsby, in the county of Lincoln, to hold, *per baroniam*, with the peculiar service of performing the office of *Champion* to the Kings of England, on the day of the Coronation. From this period, the Marmions became Barons of the realm, *par tenuram*, and flourished with great distinction for several generations; but about the 20th of Edward I., Philip de Marmion, fifth in descent from the first Robert, died, leaving female issue only, whereby his great inheritance became divided, and the Castle of Tamworth fell to the Freville family, and the Manor of Scrivelsby to the Ludlows, by the marriage of whose daughter and heir Margaret with Sir John Dymoke, Knight, the same came into that ancient and honourable name. At the coronation of Richard II., Sir John claimed to execute the said office of King's Champion; but it was counter-claimed by Baldwin de Freville, who rested his pretensions on the tenure of Tamworth Castle. After great deliberation, it was found that the said castle was only holden by Knight's service, and that this high office was attached to the Manor of Scrivelsby; and the office has continued to be executed since by the Dymoke family at the several coronations of the Kings and Queens of England:—At that of Richard II., by Sir J. Dymoke; at that of Henry IV., by his son, Sir Thos. Dymoke, who was one of the forty six esquires created by that King, Knights of the Bath. Sir Thomas also performed the same office at the coronation of Henry V.; his son, Sir Philip, did the same for Henry VI.; and his grandson, Sir Robert, assisted at the solemnities of Richard III., and Kings Henry VII., and VIII.; Sir Edward Dymoke was Champion to Queen Elizabeth; Sir Robert, his son, to Kings James I. and Charles I.; his son, to Charles II.; his grandson, to James II.; his descendant, also, Sir Charles, was Champion to Queen Anne; and his brother, Lewis Dymoke, executed this office at the coronations of Kings George I. and II. John Dymoke was Champion to George III.; and the duty was performed for George IV., by a descendant of the family, a clergyman, who was proxy for his father.

His present Majesty, William IV., will dispense with this relic of feudal grandeur, but the office will not be abolished.

The motto of the Champion family is "*Pro rege Dimico;*" a specimen of the canting heraldry which obtained greatly in the early creation of official dignities.

It is a curious consideration, that had the tenure been decided in favour of Tamworth, Sir Robert Peel would now have been the King's Champion.

◆

SALE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT'S MANUSCRIPTS.—On the 19th August, a considerable number of distinguished literary characters, collectors and others, were attracted to the sale rooms of Mr. Evans, in Pall-mall, it having been announced that the original manuscripts of the Waverly Novels, all in the hand-writing of Sir Walter Scott, Bart., were to be submitted to the hammer. The manuscripts were in good preservation, and distinguished by comparatively few corrections. They excited much curiosity amongst the company. The sale commenced with the autograph manuscript of the Monastery, three vols. in one, warranted perfect, and bound in green morocco: the few erasures, alterations, or additions which occur from the first conceptions of the illustrious author, to their final transmission to the press, are very remarkable in this curious manuscript. After a spirited competition it was knocked down to Mr. Thorpe, at 18*l*.—The second lot was the manuscript of Guy Mannering, three vols. wanting a folio at the end of the second volume. The alterations in this manuscript were more numerous; it was purchased by Mr. Thorpe, at 27*l*. 10s.—Old Mortality, three vols., perfect, and bound in green morocco, was knocked down to Capt. Basil Hall, for 33*l*.—The Antiquary, three vols., perfect, was also bought by Captain Basil Hall, for 42*l*.—Rob Roy, in three vols. 4to. complete, though the second volume was wrong-paged, was knocked down to Mr. Wilks, M. P., for 50*l*., the highest price brought by any of the other manuscripts.—Peveril of the Peak, four vols., was sold at 42*l*.—Waverly, three vols., very imperfect, purchased by Mr. Wilks, M.P., for 18*l*.—The Abbot, three vols., imperfect, sold for 14*l*.—Ivanhoe, for 12*l*., bought by Mr. Rumbold, M. P.—The tenth lot was the manuscript of the Pirate, imperfect, and sold for 12*l*. to Mr. Molteno.—The eleventh lot was the manuscript of the Fortunes of Nigel, and sold for 16*l*.—The next lot was the manuscript of Kenilworth, which was imperfect, and was sold for 17*l*. to Mr. Wilks, M. P.—The last lost was the manuscript of the Bride of Lammermoor, and was knocked down at 14*l*. 14s. to Captain Basil Hall. The total sum realised by the sale was 316*l*. 4s.

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MAIL TRAVELLING IN SPAIN.—It will probably create some surprise when I say, that in no part of Europe is it possible to travel with so much comfort, or with so great rapidity, as by the Spanish courier. The coach is more commodious and roomy than an English private carriage; it is well cushioned and seated; the windows are furnished with Venetian blinds, by which the air may be admitted and the sun excluded; and with silk, curtains, by which the sun may be excluded even when the glass windows are closed: and two passengers only are admitted inside; another is admitted into the cabriolet along with the guards. The coach is drawn by four mules, which are kept at a gallop the whole way, up hill and down hill; and the road from Bayonne to Madrid is, generally, as smooth as the very best roads in England. I ascertained that the rate of travelling exceeded twelve miles an hour No time is lost in useless stoppages; the mules are changed with as great expedition as in England; the traveller must be contented with few meals; and, against the assaults of thirst, the guards are provided with a well-filled wine-skin, to which they never apply without first offering it to the passengers, who are expected to accept the civility.—*Inglis's Spain in* 1830.

◆

### HIGHLAND HOMES.

Old mountains inaccessible,
Glance down their scorn for ever on the toils
That load with harvests new the humbler hills
Now shorn of all their heather-bloom, and green
Or yellow as the gleam of lowland fields.
And bold hearts in broad bosoms still are there
Living and dying peacefully; the huts
Abodes are still of high-soul'd Poverty;
And underneath their lintels Beauty stoops
Her silken snooded head, when singing goes
The maiden to her father at his work
Among the woods, or joins the scanty line
Of barley-reapers on their narrow ridge
In some small field, among the pastoral braes.
Still fragments dim of ancient poetry
In melancholy music down the glens
Go floating; and from shieling roof'd with boughs
And turf-wall'd, high up in some lonely place,
Where flocks of sheeps are nibbling the sweet grass
Of midsummer, and browsing on the plants
On the cliff-mosses a few goats are seen
Among their kids, you hear sweet melodies
Attuned to some traditionary tale
By young wife sitting all alone, aware
From shadow on the mountain-horologe
Of the glad hour that brings her husband home
Before the gloaming from the far-off moor
Where the black cattle feed—there all alone
She sits and sings, except that on her knees
Sleeps the sweet offspring of their faithful loves.

◆

*An Irishman's way to get a Dinner.*—Captain——, of New Bedford, (says the Gazette) being becalmed in St. George's Channel, had his ship visited by an Irishman in a small boat from the shore. The son of Erin being troubled with the "keen demands of appetite," thus addressed the captain:—"And troth, captain, will you go ashore if I will give ye some eggs and chickens?" Partly to obtain same eggs and chickens, and partly for amusement, he concluded to go on shore, and ordered his boat to be put in readiness. As they were about to leave the ship, Patrick, in pure Irish style, intimated to the captain that some *beef* and *pork* would be very acceptable to "Nelly and the little ones." Of course some liberal pieces of each were taken on shore, and delivered to Nelly to cook for dinner, whom Patrick thus addressed:—Nelly, my hoony, if ye had some eggs and chickens would'nt ye give them to the captain?" "An't plase ye'r honor captain," said Nelly, "and that I would, with all my heart." Patrick, turning to the captain, said, "Is'nt she a swate creature, captain?" The captain enjoyed the joke much better than he would have done the best chickens ever hatched.

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LONDON SMALL WIT. The English, as well as the Americans, drive a brisk trade in their play upon names. A London paper has the following:

Epigram, by the late Sir Alexander Boswell, Bar the marriage of Dr. George Wood to Miss Burnet.

George oft complain'd his house was cold—
And to an oven fain would turn it;
The method, pray—can you unfold?
Yes; bring together *Wood* and *Burn-et.*

But our neighbors across the water have the advantage of us Yankees, who have not yet arrived at such a pitch of refinement as to publish *births* as well as marriages and deaths. A London paper was "fancy's midwife" to the following:

*Birth.* At Thorney-abbey, the lady of Tycho Wing of a son.

The *time flies fast*, both old and young
Their woful proof can bring;
But faster still he needs must *fly*,
Who gains another *Wing*.

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*Cleanliness.* At a public dinner lately given to a successful candidate for Parliamentary honors, a gentleman observed a person who sat opposite use a tooth-pick which had just done the same service to his neighbor. Wishing to apprise him of his mistake, he said, "I beg your pardon sir, but you are using Mr. ——'s tooth pick." "I know I am. Do you think I'm not going to *return* it?" Somewhat similar is the anecdote of the Leicestershire farmer, who had never seen a silver fork. Some soup was handed to him, and he found that no spoon was placed at his elbow. Lifting the fork, and twirling it in his fingers for some time, he called the waiter, and requested him to bring "a silver spoon wi'out *any slits* in it."

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*Nobility in Distress.* Sir Joseph Nicholson, (baronet) was lately committed to gaol by a London Police Magistrate, for an assault on a Madame de Frieze, a French teacher and a relative. It appeared from the evidence, that he was dependent on charity for support, but was so idle, as to wear out the patience of those who had provided situations for him, and hitherto supported him. He was described as being almost naked, and sleeping under gateways and sheds. Madame de Friez having refused to give him money, was assaulted by Sir Joseph, and now entered the complaint.

## MARRIED,

On Wednesday, the Hon. James Thompson, of [illegible] to Miss Mary Sansbury, of this city.

On the [illegible] inst. Edward A. Strong, to Margaret, daughter of the late Ralph Clay.

On the [illegible] inst. Capt. Hannibal W[illegible], of C[illegible] to Miss Mary Smith, of this city.

On the 5th inst., Mr. Horace W[illegible], of this city, to Miss [illegible] C. H. Montgomery, of South Carolina.

On the 5th inst., Mr. Christian Sterry, to Miss Mary Price.

At Boston, Mr. William Whiting, of Cambridge, to Miss [illegible] Roberts.

At Cambridge, Mass. Mr. William Whiting, to Miss Mary [illegible].

At Providence, Mr. Francis Bullard, of Boston, to Miss Mary D. Mason.

At New Haven, John B. Church, Esq. of Angelica, N.Y., to Miss Mary Trumbull Silliman.

At Boston, Wm. Saxton, Esq. to Miss Mary Tracy.

At Philadelphia, Mr. James Campbell, jr. to Miss Lucy H. Smith, of Boston.

At New Haven, Mr. Wm. [illegible] of that city, to Miss [illegible] Gallaudet, of Georgetown S.C.

At [illegible], Conn. Mr. Rev. L. Brown, to Miss Caroline [illegible].

At [illegible], Mr. Horace Trafford, of New Preston, to Miss [illegible] Wood.

At East Haven, Mr. Charles Wadsworth, to Miss [illegible].

At Middletown, Mr. G. Bell, to Miss Julia Ann [illegible].

At Albany, Mr. Henry J. Cummings, of New York, to Miss [illegible] Dunn, of [illegible], Newfoundland.

At Oak Hill, N.Y., Mr. Gerard Russell, to Miss Maria [illegible].

At Kingston, Conn. Mr. Edwin Brockway, to Miss Sophia Waldron.

At Northampton, Mr. Richard A. [illegible], to Miss Ann [illegible].

At Norwich, Mr. Benjamin C. Clark, to Miss Mary Ann [illegible].

At Plymouth, Capt. Henry C. Barker, to Miss Aaron [illegible].

In Baltimore, Mr. James C. Murray, to Miss Martha J. [illegible].

Mr. William Wynn to Miss Matilda Ann Stone.

In Newton, Ms. Rev. Thos. J. Sawyer, Pastor of the Universalist Society in Grand Street, N. Y. to Miss Caroline M. Fisher.

## DIED,

In [illegible] on the 5th inst., Mr. Leonard H. Clapp, of [illegible] N.Y.

On the 6th inst. Mr. Thomas S. Simmons.

On the 7th, Stephen Dunn, Esq. of Mobile.

On the 9th inst. Mr. Thomas Whitaker.

On the 10th inst. James Kerr, President of the Hibernian Benevolent Society of New York.

On the 10th inst. John G. Bogart.

At Philadelphia, Dr. B. Rush Rhees.

At [illegible], N.Y. Henry Wessler, Esq. Sheriff of [illegible] county.

At New Haven, Capt. John Nicoll, Esq.

At Durham, N.H. Hon. Ebenezer Smith, for several years a member of the state Legislature.

In England, Rt. Hon. Charles Bathurst.

At [illegible] Burmah Empire, George Dana Boardman, Baptist Missionary from America.

In Ithaca, N. Y. Hon. James Sloan, formerly a member of Congress from N. Jersey, in [illegible].

In Lancaster, Pa. Mr. Washington Moore, late editor of the Mount Holly (N. J.) Chronicle.

In Lancaster, Ms. Mr. James Goodwin, a soldier of the Revolution, 89.

In [illegible], Mr. Dr. James Van [illegible], 27.

At Washington city, Mrs. Sarah Elliot, wife of Jonathan Elliot, 32.

In Cork, Ireland, [illegible] Brice, Esq. [illegible].

In [illegible], Mr. Mr. Amasa Chamberlain, 79.

In Portsmouth, N. H. Mr. Thomas W. Tanner, [illegible] Ms. [illegible].

In [illegible], Mr. Rev. [illegible] Ingles, a soldier of the Revolution, 79.

In Boston, Mr. Thomas [illegible], a native of Falmouth, England, [illegible].

At Wapaghkonnetta, about the 1st inst., Blackhoof, one of the Chiefs of the Shawanese tribe of Indians, aged about 114 years. He was well known throughout the western country as a formidable enemy in war, although the latter part of his wandering life was devoted to the American cause. He was at St. Clair's, Harmer's, and Crawford's defeats, and perhaps at the time of his death, was the last man living who was in Braddock's defeat.

TO THE LADIES.—Bourne, 359 Broadway, intending to devote his particular attention to the publication of Music, begs to offer to the ladies and Gentlemen his whole assortment of fine Fancy Articles, elegant Albums, Fire Screens, Musical Work-Boxes, bronze Ink Stands, &c. &c. at sufficiently reduced prices to be worth attention.

The splendid opera of "Cinderella" as just published, handsomely bound, with embellishments. Also, just published, a superior edition of "Cramer's Piano-Forte Instructions."

*Albany, Sept. 1, 1831,*
*State of New York, Secretary's Office.*

SIR—I hereby give you notice, that at the next General Election, which is to be holden on the first Monday of November next, and the two succeeding days, a Senator is to be chosen in the place of John I. Schenck, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next. If there are any vacancies in the offices of Sheriff or Clerk, proper to be supplied at the General Election, the Inspectors will give notice accordingly.

A. C. FLAGG, Secretary of State.

The Sheriff of the City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

⁂ All the newspapers in the County will publish the above once in each week until the election, and send in their bills immediately thereafter to the Sheriff's Office. *Sept. 17.*

SCHUYLKILL COAL.

PEACH-ORCHARD, Lehigh, Schuylkill, Liverpool, and Lackawana Coals all at the lowest market prices. Apply at the Coal Offices, c. of Murray and Washington, and Canal and Elm streets.

sep.28. S. B. REEVE & Co.

WANTED. 20 or 30 young ladies who perfectly understand the making of all kinds of caps.

Apply at L. MORANGE & DAVIS.
October 12th. 1831 105 William Street.

CARD CASES—*New Style.*—Just received by the subscriber, a few of the most beautiful Souvenirs, or Card Cases, ever offered to the notice of the ladies in this city. They are made with Mother of Pearl, and embellished by fine Miniature Paintings on Ivory, set in gold, and are well worthy the attention of those who would possess an article that cannot be come common.

*Sept 17.* BOURNE, Publisher, &c., 359 Broadway.

CITY COFFEE HOUSE, 334 and 336 North Market-street, Albany.—*R. H. Gould*, late of the Exchange, Boston, has opened this extensive and elegant establishment as a *Temperance House*. He has been induced to do this by the earnest solicitations of the friends of Temperance in the city and country, and from a conviction that the time has arrived when public sentiment will support the undertaking. It is his intention to spare no pains in giving satisfaction to those who may patronize him. The commanding situation of the house, and the convenience of the rooms, will, it is hoped, attract the attention of travellers—it also parties and families, who can be furnished with parlours. Gentlemen who wish board by the month or year, will be accommodated on as liberal terms as at any other establishment. The house will be furnished with every thing necessary for the comfort or convenience of its customers.

N. B. A baggage waggon will be in attendance on the arrival of boats to convey baggage free of charge. A stable attached to the establishment. *Albany, Sept. 1.*

WANTED—In the neighbourhood of Manhattan, for a small family, where there are no [illegible], three or four rooms, or a part of a house, from 1st October to 1st May. The rent must be moderate. Address J. M., at the office of the Constellation.

PEACH-ORCHARD COAL.

*From "Spohn's Mine."*

THE SUBSCRIBERS are now landing, and constantly receiving, cargoes of the above Coal, so celebrated for the ease with which it ignites, its cheerfulness and brilliancy in burning, and the length of time which it will burn. Apply at either of the offices, c. Murray and Washington, and c. Canal and Elm streets.

S. B. REEVE & Co.

N.B. The public will please notice, that no other person or company have any of the above for sale. sep 28

O. RAMSDELL'S SPECIFIC, for the cure of *Hernia or Rupture*, the first and only remedy yet discovered.

The high reputation that O. Ramsdell's specific has gained for the cure of Hernia or Rupture, renders it unnecessary to say much in recommending it to the public, as no stronger proof of its possessing uncommon medicinal efficacy could be given than will be found in the certificates accompanying each bottle, given by men of the first respectability, who have used the medicine.

Cases of long standing, and Hernia of all descriptions, Inguinal, Scrotal, Umbilical, &c. &c. are cured by the use of this invaluable medicine. Sold wholesale and retail, by the proprietor's sole Agent. NATHAN B. GRAHAM, Jr.,

oct.1. No. 38 Cedar, corner of William-st.

*Moxon's Improved Effervescent Magnesia,*

ONE of the most agreeable effervescing aperients that have been offered to the public, being deprived of that peculiar bitterness which almost all the preparations of Magnesia possess, while it retains all its medical properties. It is particularly adapted, and perhaps superior to any other remedy in counteracting acidity of stomach and relieving many of the most distressing symptoms of dyspepsia, such as nausea and heartburn, and has been found of essential service in gout, bilious affections head-ache, habitual costiveness—and is recommended in those disorders of the stomach and bowels with which children are so much affected in the summer season. It is superfluous to detail more fully the medicinal qualities of this preparation; the proprietor only solicits those to whose complaints it is adapted, to give it a fair and impartial trial, under the full persuasion that they will not be disappointed in its beneficial effects. Sold wholesale and retail by the proprietor's sole agent, at MARSHALL C. SLOCUM'S Drug and Chemical Store, No. 303 Broadway, corner of Duane-st. sept. 24.

SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway, New-York, to his distant friends. Those of my friends living at a distance, will please notice that on Wednesday the 16th of November will be drawn in this City a first rate Lottery, the Regular No. 14. Combination, 66 drawn numbers, highest prizes, $20,000, 10,000, 5,000, 3,000, &c.

Tickets only $10. Note. NO BLANKS.

One number will receive $10. No number, or blanks, $4.

This is a fine scheme to take a package of wholes, halves, or quarters.

A package of 22 tickets costs $220. Most drawn nett $113.00.

Packages of halves, quarters and eighths in proportion. When a package is taken a liberal discount is made.

All orders must be addressed to S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway, till one o'clock 15th November.

COMPOUND CHLORINE WASH for cleansing and whitening the teeth, preserving the gums, removing taste from the mouth, and rendering the breath sweet and pleasant—sold by

NATHAN B. GRAHAM, jr.

oct8 Agent for the proprietor, 38 Cedar c. William st.

NEW COAL YARD.—R. & J. WESTERVELT respectfully inform their friends and the public in general, that they have opened a Coal Yard corner of King and Greenwich streets, where they offer for sale on reasonable terms, Schuylkill Coal of the best quality. Orders will be received at the store of Westervelt & Denison, No. 95 Maiden lane, and at the Yard.

P. S. Lackawana, Lehigh and Liverpool Coals for sale as above. *Oct. 5.*

MINERALS.—The subscriber receives constantly supplies of the most select and exquisite specimens of foreign and American Minerals, which he is now willing to dispose of, either in whole sets or single specimens. Professors or Amateurs who wish to complete their collections in any branch of Natural History, and are not able to visit this city, are requested to communicate their desiderata by writing, and they may depend upon being served at as good a rate as if they were present, if they apply at the drug and chemical store of

Dr. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER,
Sept. 29. 377 *Broadway.*

*WHOLESALE MANUFACTORY OF*
QUILLS, PENS, AND WAFERS,
*No. 60 William-Street, New-York.*

BOOKSELLERS, Stationers, and dealers in manufactured Quills, are informed that the proprietor, having made permanent arrangements with some of the most extensive dealers in the rough material in Germany, for a regular and periodical supply, his establishment will at all times have the best assortment of any house on this side of the Atlantic. Having reduced the article to a scale of prices below what they can be imported at in the dressed state, it is hoped domestic manufactory may have the preference—as nothing that art can do will be left undone to have the workmanship superior to any produced from a foreign market. The terms on which the different kinds of dressings are known, are first, double Dutched—2d, pale and yellow clarified—3d, fluted opaques—4th, embossed Jackson Quills. The two latter are peculiarly the invention of the principal, and have given for the time in use, universal satisfaction. To country merchants and others, the highest price will be given for American raw Quills, either in cash or exchange.

Grateful for the very decided preference received for the last fourteen years, I subscribe myself the public's obedient servant, P. BYRNE.

May 15

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MAGIC MATCHES, or Instantaneous Chemical Pocket Lights, calculated for travellers, sportsmen and families. This article for convenience excels all others now in use, and possesses the peculiar excellence of not being impaired by age. For sale, wholesale and retail, by N. B. GRAHAM, jun.

mar 13 38 Cedar, corner William st.

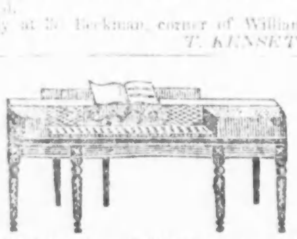
*NOTICE.*

THE celebrated strengthening plaster for pain or weakness, in the breast, back, side or limbs, and for Rheumatic Affections, Liver Complaints and Dyspepsia—for sale at No. 28 Beekman Street. This medicine is the invention of an eminent surgeon, and so numerous are the instances in which the most salutary effects have been produced by it, that it is with the utmost confidence recommended to all who are afflicted with those distressing complaints. The sale of this remedy commenced in May, 1827, from this establishment, and the sales have been very extensive. It affords us great pleasure in stating, notwithstanding a condition was annexed to each sale, that if relief was not obtained, the money should be returned; out of those numerous sales, from the period above mentioned, up to the present time, ten only have been returned; and those, upon strict inquiry, were found to be diseases for which they were not recommended. This we trust (when fairly considered) will be the strongest evidence that could possibly be given of its utility.

Where the applicants are known, no money will be required till the trial is made and approved, where they are not known, the money will be returned, provided the benefit above stated is not obtained.

Apply at 28 Beekman, corner of William st.

*T. KENSETT.*



PIANO, GUITAR, and SINGING—a new and thorough Academy system. Mr. GOWARD, many years a pupil of the first Music and Writing Masters, and 17 years Professor and Teacher with unparalleled success in various parts of the world, begs to inform the ladies and gentlemen of New-York, that he has arranged a "Set of Exercises," original and selected from the best European and American works of merit, in so easy, pleasing, and naturally progressive order, as to remove all those difficulties and discouragements so generally felt and complained of, and make the scholar's progress the most rapid, thorough, and interesting. Sept. 20.

# GREENWICH BATH.

*No. 337 Hudson-street.*

THE Subscriber respectfully informs the public that he has erected a commodious building, No. 337 Hudson-street, near Greenwich Village, for a BATHING HOUSE, where they can be accommodated with

*Warm, Cold, and Shower Baths,*

at reduced prices.

The above building is divided into two separate and distinct apartments, one for Gentlemen, and the other for Ladies, with separate entrances. Between the apartments is a large space for the pipes which convey the water into the Bath Rooms, and render them entirely incapable of any interference whatever. There are two parlors in front, one is handsomely fitted up for Ladies, for whose special purpose a female attendant will be provided. The whole embracing every necessary convenience to be met with at any other establishment of the kind in this city.

Bathing is a luxury highly recommended by our first physicians as especially conducive to health; and in order that those in moderate circumstances may avail themselves of its beneficial effects, the prices are put at the following low rates, viz.

| | |
|---|---|
| For a single Ticket, | $0 25 |
| eight do. | 1 50 |
| forty do. | 5 00 |
| 100 do. viz. 40 gentlemen, 40 ladies, and 20 children, | 10 00 |

Persons living in the lower part of the city, by taking a seat in the Greenwich Stage will be brought to the door, and charged for a single stage ticket only, eight cents. A stage will leave the Baths every five minutes.

Having spared no pains or expense in the fitting and procuring every convenience necessary for a respectable establishment, he hopes by strict attention, to merit a share of public patronage. WILLIAM M. THORP.

# KELLY'S PERCURO,

FOR the cure of CONSUMPTIONS, Coughs, diseases of the Breast, Lungs, &c.—This deservedly celebrated medicine is now in considerable use, and attended with the happiest consequences. Such is its success that it has in a great degree overcome the prejudice which it had in the first instance to encounter; so much so that some respectable practitioners recommend it in their practice, and esteem it as a valuable and efficacious medicine. All persons having consumption or disease of the lungs or have any reason to conclude, from symptoms that such disease is approaching, are recommended to make immediate use of the Percuro, as they may be assured that no medicine heretofore known, or that has been employed in consumption, can compete with it, it having performed effectual cures when all hopes were relinquished by some of the most scientific and experienced medical men in our day.

For sale by the proprietor, 230 Stanton, or corner of Warren and Greenwich sts. New York, where may be seen many certificates of its efficacy. tf21

## ON DITS.

"How fashion changes in this inconstant world!
Powder and Queens held undisputed sway.
When I was young—anon, the hair was curl'd,
And soon [illegible], the top-knot had its day.
Changes innumbered followed in succession,
'Till all were centred in the word *Expression*!"
*Byron.*

LEWIS has been too long before a discerning public, as an Operative Professor of the Seat of Human Intellect, to need any observations necessary as to his success or qualifications. The object of this article is merely to announce the opening of his *New Suit of Rooms* (near his former establishment, in Broadway,) which for convenience and elegance cannot be surpassed by any similar in the United States. These rooms are spacious, airy, and remarkably pleasant, being on the second floor of No. 164 on the west side of Broadway, four doors below Dey street, nearly opposite Liberty-street. For elegance of furniture, and completeness of ornament he apprehends no rivalship in any similar establishment. Here he intends to pursue the course in which he hitherto given so much satisfaction to his patrons, on the principle of *imagination* and *expression*.

LEWIS, 164 Broadway, 4 doors below Dey st.
up stairs.

IN PRESS.—McElrath & Bangs have in press, and will shortly publish, the following works—

Wirt's *Patrick Henry*.—Sketches of the life and character of Patrick Henry, by Wm. Wirt, with the last corrections by the author. The work will be published in one beautiful octavo volume, large new type, with a portrait of Patrick Henry, and will be ready for delivery in the course of a few weeks.

*Village Sermons*, or sixty-five plain and short Discourses on the principal doctrines of the Gospel, intended for families, or companies assembled for religious instruction in country villages, by George Burder.

*Webster's Elementary Primer*, or First Lessons for Children, being an introduction to the Elementary Spelling Book, by Noah Webster.

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